Saturday Review

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LURES TO LEARN

The Power and Responsibility of the American Textbook

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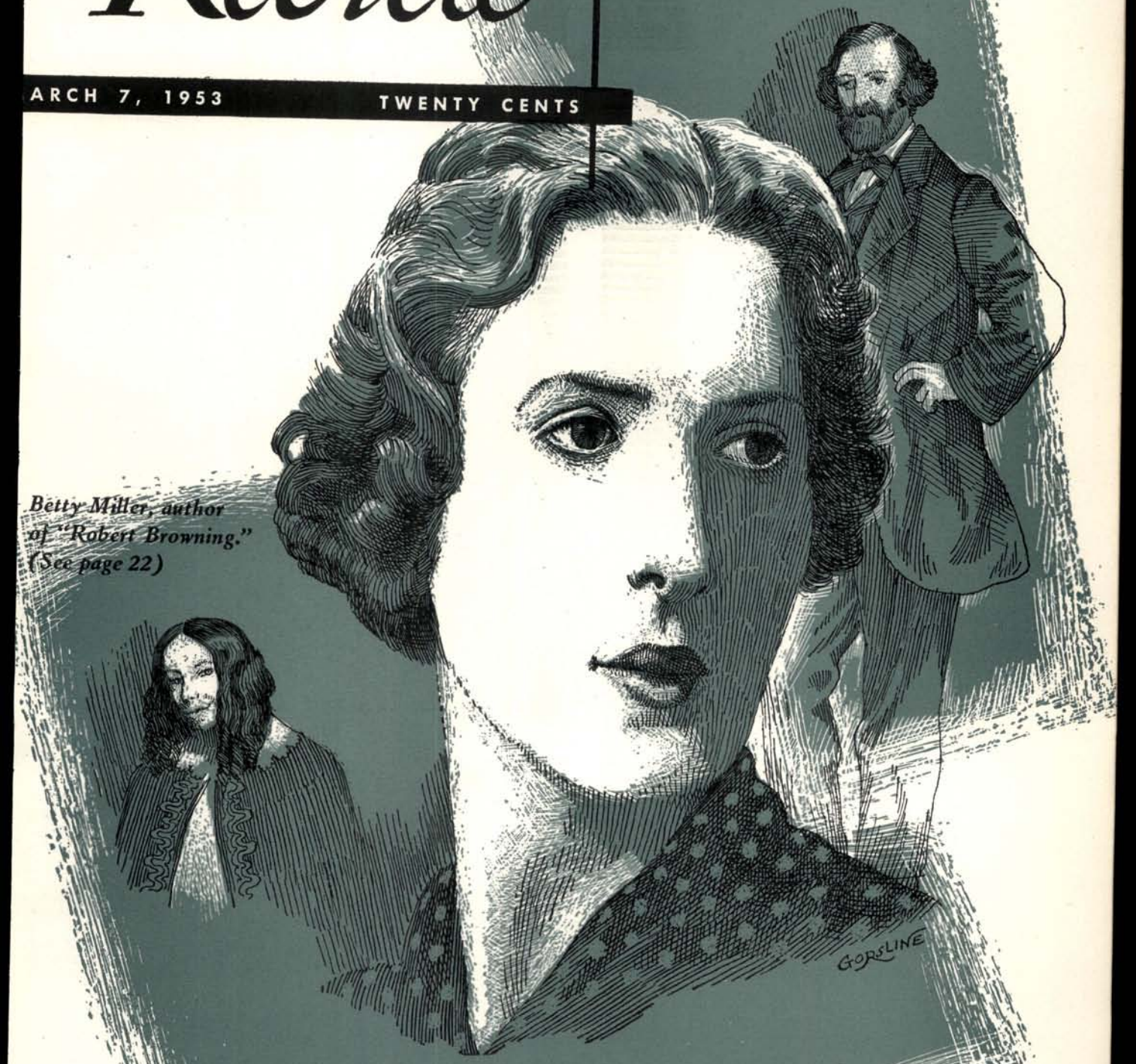

Betty Miller, author of "Robert Browning." *(See page 22)*

Is It Better to Be a Bonehead?

By CLAUDE M. FUESS

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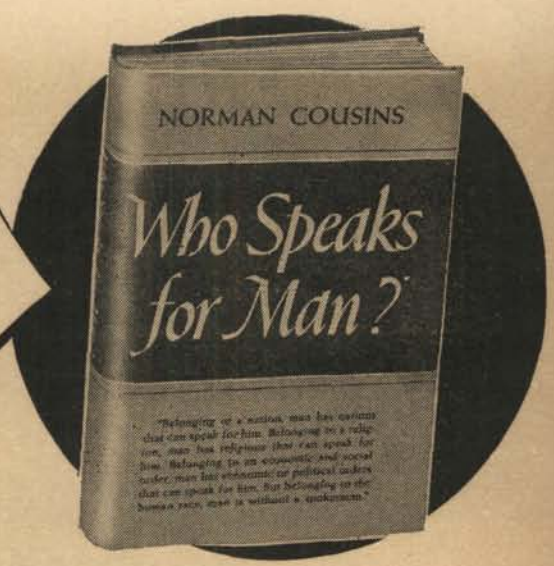
"... readers should include every man and woman who, today, is thoughtfully concerned about mankind's tomorrows."



ADLAI E. STEVENSON

The Saturday Review

This new book is a significant commentary on our time. He makes clear that a spokesman for man in this age is possible and that world citizenship can become a reality. In many ways, this book can be called a definition of hope for man, because it demonstrates the need, the reasonableness, the justice of a world organization capable of speaking for all men.

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• • • •

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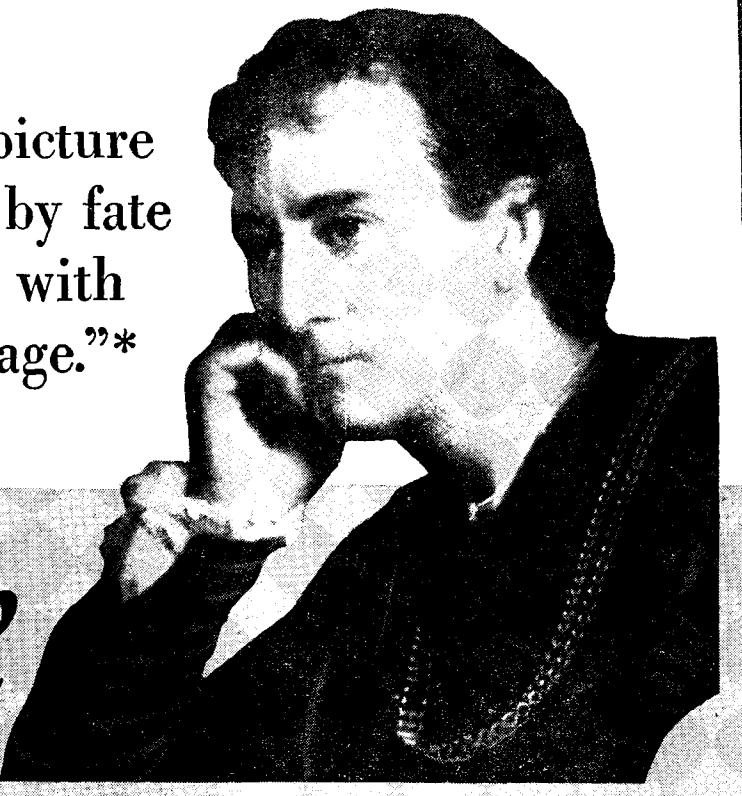

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MARCH 7, 1953

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Good News

▸ Once again we see proof that Amer-icans spend their time in places other than sport stadiums. Visitors to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City in 1952 numbered 2,328,322, second only to the record of 2,451,778 set in 1950. It was the seventh succes-sive year that attendance at the mu-seum had exceeded the two million mark.

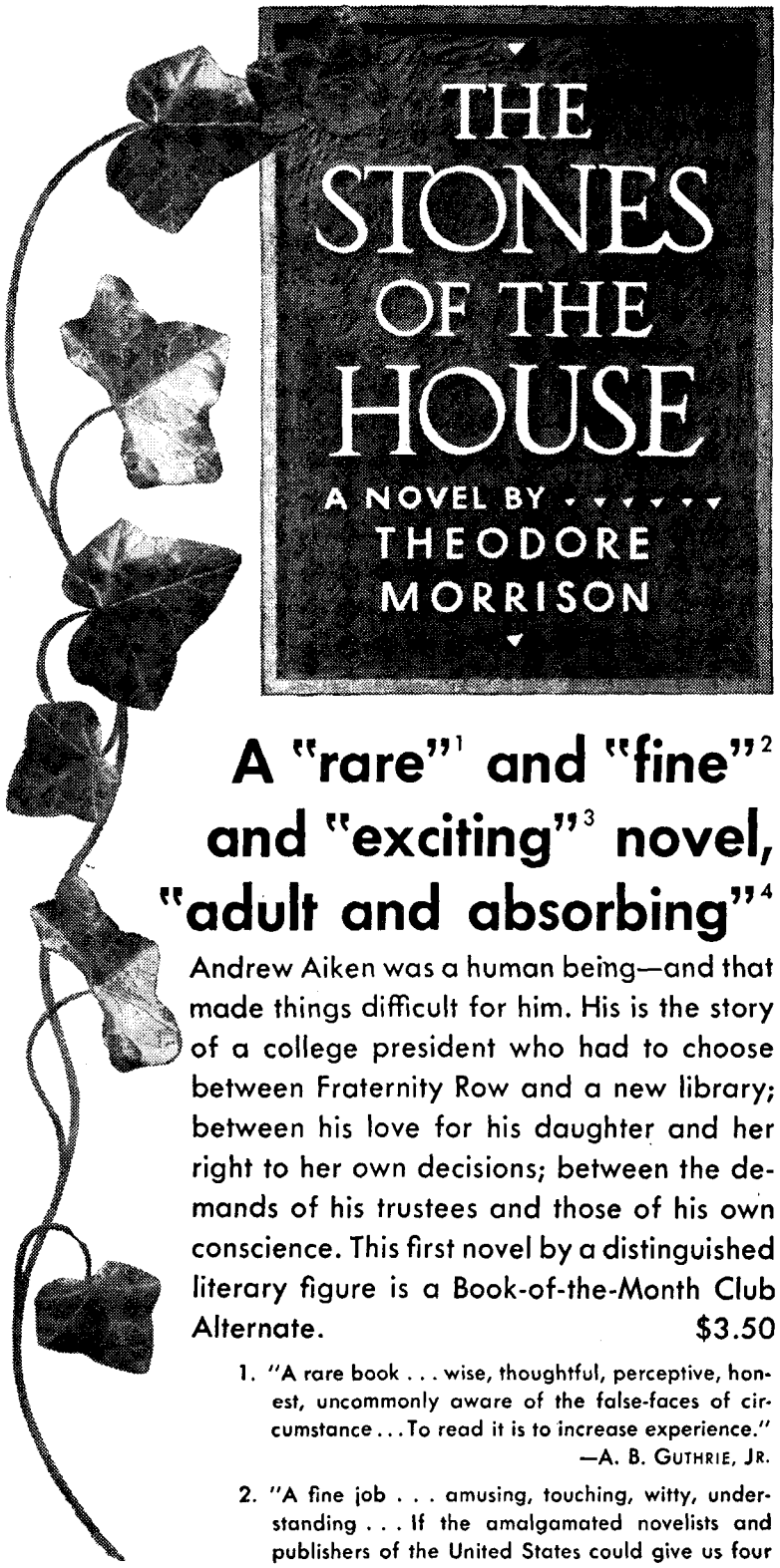
▸ A new loan plan instituted by the Chicago Public Library provides for the "deposit" of as many as one thou-sand books in business offices and in-dustrial plants in that city. Purpose of the new plan is to "encourage edu-cational and recreational reading by employes."

▸ All of our heroes are not in fiction. On January 28 in Pittsburgh, Pa., the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission gave bronze medals to seventeen persons for heroic efforts to save lives. Two of the heroes were honored post-humously. The commission, founded by the late Andrew Carnegie, also made awards totaling $6,750 in fifteen of the cases for educational and "other worthy purposes." Eight states were represented in the list of those cited at the commission's forty-ninth an-nual meeting.

▸ The Ambassador of the Philippines, Gen. Carlos P. Romulo, has presented to the Library of Congress a copy of the New Testament, translated from the Latin Vulgate version according to St. Jerome into Tagalog, the na-tional language of the Philippines. This is the first translation of the Bi-ble into Tagalog.

▸ Without fanfare the American Theatre, St. Louis's only legitimate playhouse catering to touring attrac-tions, ended its policy of segregation when it recently opened its thirty-fourth season. Seats are now available to Negroes in all sections of the house. Theatre manager Paul Beisman re-ported the new policy has worked out satisfactorily.

▸ During the past year a male quar-tet known as the Lake Oswego Four has been entertaining groups through-out the Portland, Ore., area. From the proceeds of their public appearances they have just purchased an iron lung at a cost of $2,600. The lung, installed at Good Samaritan Hospital, carries a plaque which reads: "Dedicated to our friends in trouble that they and their families may sing again. Lake Oswego Four."



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TRADE Winds

La Quinta, Calif.

AN ALERT BOOK PUBLISHER can pick up several useful hints in the golden sunshine of California, where the flying movie producers play. For instance, there's one agent who opens every conversation with a client by saying bitterly, "I shouldn't even be talking to you, you so-and-so. I heard exactly what you said about me two days ago." This forestalls many a beef by a dissatisfied client. Chances are excellent he really did vilify his agent somewhere along the line and, if he didn't, he thinks he did. He now definitely has lost the offensive, and is off balance for the rest of the meeting. . . . The head of one of the biggest studios had an even more effective gambit for heading off demands for increased salaries. This head, whom we shall call L. B. because those are his initials, had an uncanny knack for knowing when a visitor was about to put the bite on him. He would rub his eyes wearily and say, "Why do I drive myself this way? I make more out of the office buildings I own than I do slaving at this studio. I stay here, I guess, because I couldn't live without my contacts with artists like yourself. Men who are interested only in money don't belong in the picture business with us." By this time the visitor was usually so overcome with emotion he not only was ashamed to demand a raise, but ended by inviting L. B. out for lunch. . . .

IN HIS DISARMING AUTOBIOGRAPHY, "Lying in State," Stanton Griffis tells about a day he and a Wall Street friend wandered into a Paris gallery to see an exhibition of modern pictures. The friend thought that one or two of them would improve the decor of his private office. "How do you go about buying these things without getting the daylights soaked out of you?" he asked. "Put in low bids on all of them," suggested the knowing Mr. Griffis. "When the show is over, you'll probably find that a couple have fallen virtually into your lap." The frock-coated manager indicated that this procedure was highly unusual, but graciously consented to enter the bids. A few mornings later Mr. Griffis received a frantic phon call from his friend. "My God," h wailed, "I've bought forty-six pic tures!" . . . When Mark Twain's "Joa of Arc" was being serialized anony mously in *Harper's Magazine,* Twai went to Paris for a vacation, an there encountered Chauncey Depew who was something of the Stanto Griffis of his era. Very casually Twai inquired, "What do you think of tha Joan thing that's running in *Har per's*?" Depew, who knew that Twai was the author, gravely replied "That's hardly a fair question to as me." "Indeed, why?" demande Twain, bridling. "The fact is," whis pered Depew, "I wrote the beastl thing and I'm trying desperately t keep it quiet!"

A HOLLYWOOD DIRECTOR, famous fo his onslaughts on the English lan guage, returned from New York vastly impressed with the Metropoli tan Opera Company's new look "You've got to give credit," he en thused, "to those fellows, Bing an Bing!" Later he added, "My favorit is still 'Madame Butterfield'." . . Another director is married to a gir who is hipped on psychoanalysis The day after their first son was bor the director appeared at the studi commissary, passed out the custom ary cigars, and announced cheerfully "Well, I've deposited $5,000 in th bank to take care of the kid's com plete analysis. Now, when he learn to talk, if he ever raises his voice t me once, I'll have no compunctio whatever in beating the bejabber out of him." . . . Then there's th analysis story about a worried-look ing little man who signed up fo the full treatment. On his first visi he lay on the couch for thirty min utes without opening his mouth. The second visit was a replica of the first Halfway through the third session he finally spoke. "Say, Doctor," he in quired, "am I allowed to ask you a question?" "Aha," thought the doc tor, "the floodgates are about t open!" To the patient he said en couragingly, "I hope you'll tell me absolutely anything that enters you mind." The patient admitted, "I'm

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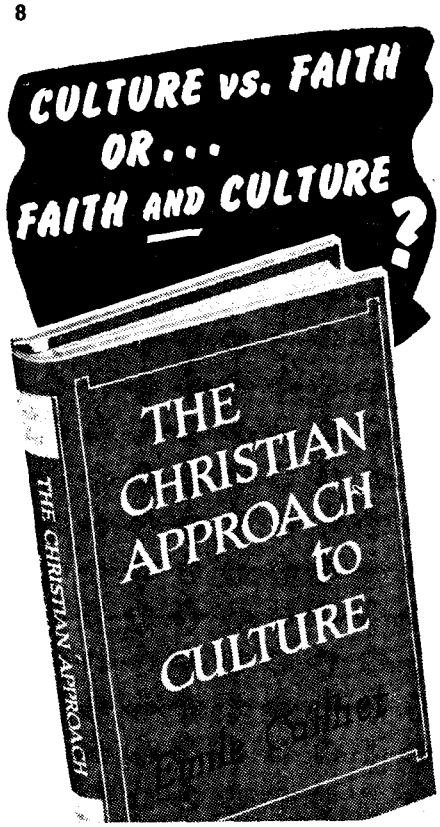

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ABINGDON COKESBURY

curious to know what you charge me for every visit here." "Fifty dollars," answered the doctor. The patient was silent again for ten minutes. Then he asked meekly, "Say, Doctor, wouldn't you like a partner?"

IF YOU'RE AS FOND of new gadgets as I am, and have any occasion to paste clippings in a scrapbook, or slap labels onto bottles or reference files, you'll appreciate the Glu-pen, recently put on the market and now on sale in all stationery shops. A single dot with your Glu-pen and things are attached securely until you want them to come apart: no mess, no clips, no shiny tape. Each cartridge contains 5,000 "dots" of glue. The pen, plus two cartridges, costs $2.95. Extra cartridges are 75¢ each. . . . Another valuable addition to your office or study is a wall bracket containing two lights that can be adjusted separately to any position desired. Better electrical shops have various models in stock. . . . Every day and in every way (until spring fever overtakes us, at any rate) work becomes pleasanter. . . . .

THE LIBRARIAN OF UCLA, Lawrence Clark Powell, maintains in an article published in British Books of the Month that English books are better than American ones because they *smell* better. It is my own theory that Mr. Powell's olfactory apparatus has been knocked out of kilter by the persistent Los Angeles smog but, if indeed there is substance in his assertion, American publishers have only to consult one of several firms who can make things smell like what they ain't. Their ingredients, for instance, make plastic smell like leather, soapless detergents like soap, and slaughterhouses like perfumed salons.

One whiff of their product and the smell of American books will be so irresistible that they'll nose out the English product completely.

A COLLEGE PRESIDENT recently undertook an overnight train trip to deliver an address and after dinner walked back to the club car for a drink and a puff on his pipe before retiring. The only empty seat in the car was next to a bearded gentleman who, to put it mildly, was in his cups, and the college president seated himself with

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some distaste. Willy-nilly, the bearded gentleman insisted upon conversation and finally demanded, "What line are you in? You sound pretty cultured to me." "I'm the president of Blank University," was the dignified response. "I might've guessed it," said the bearded gent. "You wouldn't know it by looking at me now, but I happen to be the president of a big college myself." "The devil you say," exclaimed the newcomer. "What's the name of *your* college?" "Oh no, my friend," chuckled the bearded one. "I'm not *that* drunk!"

HARRY KURNITZ, the writer I referred to in last week's column, tells a story of two Jewish race-track habitués

who met on the way home from the track one day. One bemoaned a long streak of bad luck. The other boasted, "Me, I've gone back to fundamentals. Every morning now I pray for fifteen minutes at the synagogue, and since I started not a day has gone by that I haven't picked at least two winners." "What have I got to lose?" said the unfortunate one. "I'll try your system."

Three weeks later they met again. "I followed your advice," began the steady loser. "Not only did I pray every morning, but every evening as well. All day Saturday I spent in the synagogue, too, not to mention a couple of holidays. And in all that time, believe me, not a single winner I picked." "I can't understand it," said his friend. "What synagogue did you pray in?" "The one on Grove Street," was the answer. "No wonder, you schmo," shouted the friend. "That's for *trotters*!"

—BENNETT CERF.

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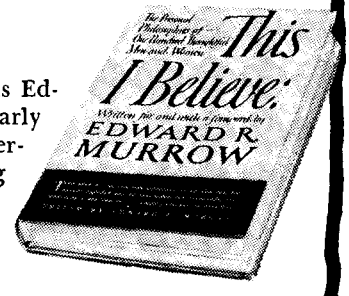

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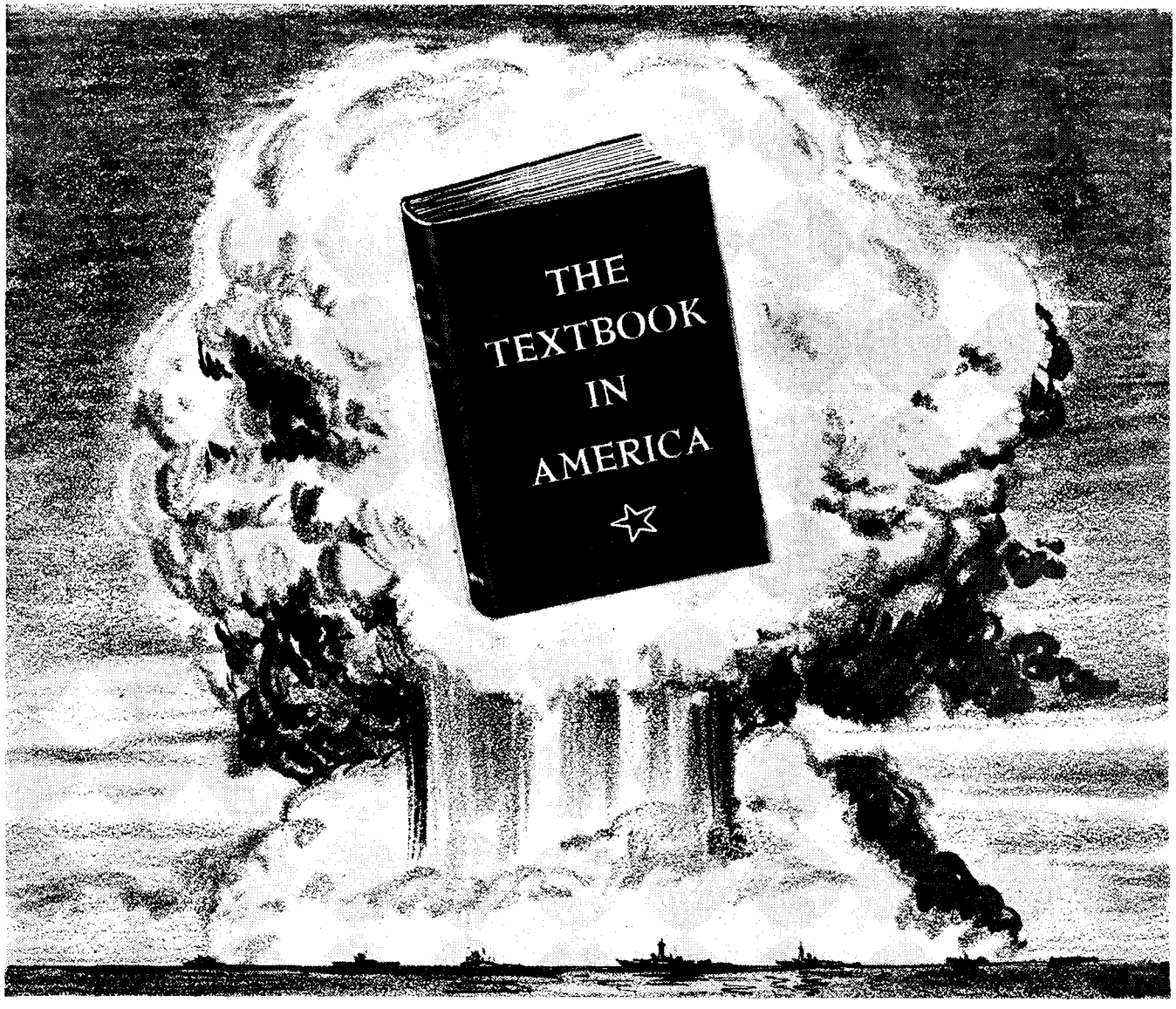

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The Saturday Review

Is It Better to Be a Bonehead?

CLAUDE M. FUESS

Claude M. Fuess

DURING the next decade American teachers, on all levels, will have to face certain problems which must be confronted soberly, tactfully, without resentment, and with proper regard for national unity and efficiency. One of these cannot possibly be ignored. In the colonial period in New England, and for many years afterwards, the teacher, like the preacher, was the well-read, intelligent, and respected leader of public opinion. Recently, however, a new trend is apparent in some quarters—something resembling a Cult of Anti-Intellectualism, well symbolized in the words of the United States Senator who remarked that James B. Conant was "too bookish" a man to hold the position of High Commissioner to Germany. The Senator's casual comment may be only a preliminary symptom of the devastating mob psychosis which afflicted Italy and Germany during the rise of Mussolini and Hitler—a popular distrust of scholars and especially of those concerned professionally with education.

At times it has almost seemed as if an organized and sinister campaign were being directed against the nation's schools and colleges, with the object of generating suspicion and alarm. The *American Legion Monthly*, for example, has devoted several issues to the condemnation of teachers and textbooks as agents, potential and actual, of subversion. An English friend of mine on a visit here last autumn was told in all seriousness that many of our educational institutions were engaged in a corrupting movement aimed at the overthrow of our democratic form of government. Such charges to those intimately familiar with the operation of our school and college classrooms seem incredibly fantastic, but under the circumstances they must be treated seriously, not dismissed with a casual shrug of our pedagogical shoulders.

Because of the mere reiteration of these charges, uninformed people have the impression, vague but ineradicable, that something is wrong with our teachers; and steps should be taken at once to correct this feeling. For schools and colleges, the plain truth is the best means of advertisement. They need not be ashamed or afraid to rest their case on their records, and in sheer self-defense they should employ all legitimate methods of publicity to acquaint others with their policies and personnel. Aware that their intentions have been distorted by demagogues, they should welcome any opportunity to demonstrate not only the wisdom of their aims but the loyalty of their purpose. And however sensitive they may be as human beings to unwarranted attack, they must suppress their irritation and undertake to win the confidence of their critics. One candidate for office said to me not long ago, "In these times it is better to be a bonehead than an egghead." With due regard to the connotation of these slang expressions, this theory is likely to lead to dangerous consequences, carrying as it does Anti-Intellectualism to its logical extreme. Teachers as a class have little reason for apologizing, but they can do a good job of explanation, and candor will dispel many doubts.

THE proposed Congressional investigation of American colleges and universities can serve no useful purpose and may have the damaging result of curbing the expression of unorthodox opinion. Freedom of thought and speech, bought and built up so dearly over the centuries, is in grave danger from the impertinent insinuations of entrenched authority. During my life I have heard college professors denounced for favoring the graduated income tax, the single tax, and free trade, for protesting that Sacco and Vanzetti were innocent, and for defending cooperatives; but such outstanding college presidents as Eliot of Harvard, King of Amherst, and Baxter of Williams have always maintained the right of members of their faculties to voice unconventional views on economics and political questions. Great teachers like Sumner of Yale, Perry of Williams, Garman of Amherst, and Chafee of Harvard have taken strong stands on controversial subjects without being subjected to inquisition. Totalitarian governments know very well that they

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Claude M. Fuess, headmaster of Philipps Academy at Andover from 1933 to 1947, is the author of the recent "Independent Schoolmaster," and other books on Daniel Webster, Carl Schurz, and Calvin Coolidge.

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cannot triumph without crushing independent educational institutions within their borders. During the next decade the universities and colleges in the United States cannot relax in that eternal vigilance which is the price of liberty. At certain moments minorities may seem to be nuisances but they are a constant and valuable corrective of tyranny.

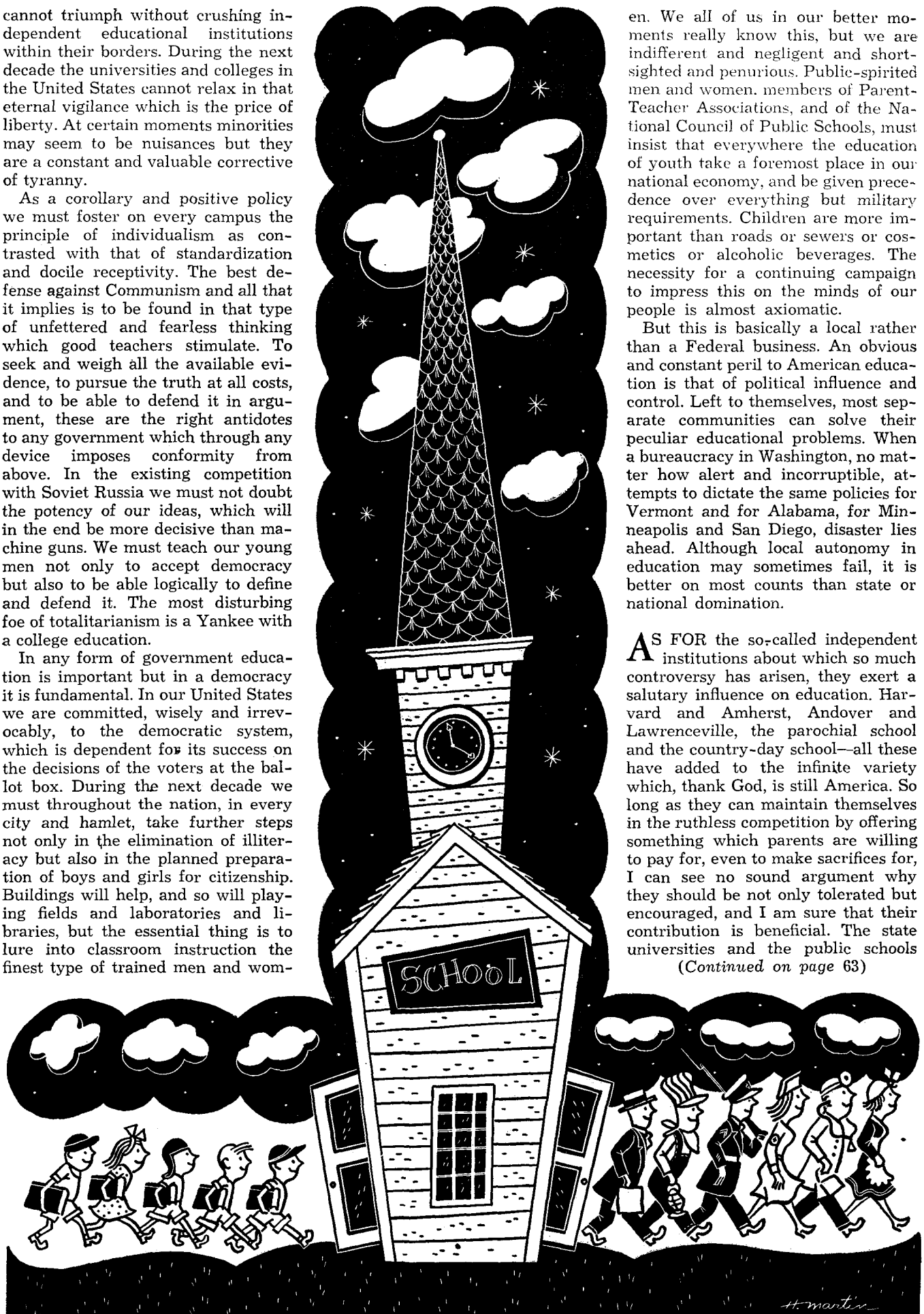
As a corollary and positive policy we must foster on every campus the principle of individualism as contrasted with that of standardization and docile receptivity. The best defense against Communism and all that it implies is to be found in that type of unfettered and fearless thinking which good teachers stimulate. To seek and weigh all the available evidence, to pursue the truth at all costs, and to be able to defend it in argument, these are the right antidotes to any government which through any device imposes conformity from above. In the existing competition with Soviet Russia we must not doubt the potency of our ideas, which will in the end be more decisive than machine guns. We must teach our young men not only to accept democracy but also to be able logically to define and defend it. The most disturbing foe of totalitarianism is a Yankee with a college education.

In any form of government education is important but in a democracy it is fundamental. In our United States we are committed, wisely and irrevocably, to the democratic system, which is dependent for its success on the decisions of the voters at the ballot box. During the next decade we must throughout the nation, in every city and hamlet, take further steps not only in the elimination of illiteracy but also in the planned preparation of boys and girls for citizenship. Buildings will help, and so will playing fields and laboratories and libraries, but the essential thing is to lure into classroom instruction the finest type of trained men and women. We all of us in our better moments really know this, but we are indifferent and negligent and shortsighted and penurious. Public-spirited men and women, members of Parent-Teacher Associations, and of the National Council of Public Schools, must insist that everywhere the education of youth take a foremost place in our national economy, and be given precedence over everything but military requirements. Children are more important than roads or sewers or cosmetics or alcoholic beverages. The necessity for a continuing campaign to impress this on the minds of our people is almost axiomatic.

But this is basically a local rather than a Federal business. An obvious and constant peril to American education is that of political influence and control. Left to themselves, most separate communities can solve their peculiar educational problems. When a bureaucracy in Washington, no matter how alert and incorruptible, attempts to dictate the same policies for Vermont and for Alabama, for Minneapolis and San Diego, disaster lies ahead. Although local autonomy in education may sometimes fail, it is better on most counts than state or national domination.

AS FOR the so-called independent institutions about which so much controversy has arisen, they exert a salutary influence on education. Harvard and Amherst, Andover and Lawrenceville, the parochial school and the country-day school—all these have added to the infinite variety which, thank God, is still America. So long as they can maintain themselves in the ruthless competition by offering something which parents are willing to pay for, even to make sacrifices for, I can see no sound argument why they should be not only tolerated but encouraged, and I am sure that their contribution is beneficial. The state universities and the public schools

(*Continued on page* 63)



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Lures to Learn

SLOAN WILSON

MY interest in public-school textbooks began a few weeks ago when for the first time in almost twenty years two of them found their way into my house. One was brought home by my six-year-old daughter, who is in the first grade, and the other was thoughtfully left behind by a high-school girl who occasionally acts as our sitter. Both books are entirely different from anything I had when I was in school back in the Twenties and Thirties. My curiosity was sufficiently aroused to make me conduct a brief and entirely informal comparison of the new and the old.

The book my six-year-old daughter brought home is entitled "Our Earth." It's an introduction to geography, and what surprised me about it is the great number of beautiful full-page kodachrome photographs—it could quite easily pass as one of those fancy collections of colored photographs sold around Christmas time. I was anxious to see if the text lived up to the illustrations, but before I got around to that, I was diverted by the volume left by our sitter. It is "Adventures for Readers—Book II," an anthology compiled by Jacob M. Ross, Mary Rives Bowman, and Egbert W. Nieman—a high-school principal, a professor of English at a state teachers college, and the chairman of the English department of a junior high school. What caught my attention was an advertising flyer pasted on the inside cover which in red type proclaims the volume, "A Great Variety of Outstanding Selections, Chosen for Their Sure-Fire Appeal to the Widest Possible Range of Student Readers . . . "

I'm always a sucker for a sure-fire appeal, and I stretched out in bed with the book immediately. What I found filled me with an incongruous mixture of disgust and delight. The disgust was started by the advertisement, which went on to say, "Three longer classics have been simplified without loss of literary flavor: 'The Legend of Sleepy Hollow,' 'The Man Without a Country,' and 'Evangeline'." My dislike of such business was made more acute by the discovery that "Tom Sawyer: The Glorious Whitewasher" is listed in the table of contents as a piece by "Mark Twain (adapted for television by Alvin Sapinsley)." Incredulously turning to the page listed, I found that the fourteen-year-old children for whom the book is designed are being given a reprint of a television play about Tom Sawyer whitewashing the fence, rather than the poor efforts of Mark Twain to describe that event himself.

This puzzled me, for after reading more, I found that the anthology is by no means all bad. A few pages of unadulterated Twain are inserted in the end, and there are unsimplified pieces by James Thurber and Dorothy Canfield, as well as many other selections, both contemporary and classic, which show that the anthologers set about their task with imagination and taste. But why did they decide to "simplify" "Evangeline," and why palm off a television script as Mark Twain? And how much of this sort of thing goes on?

At about this point my wife suggested that if I really wanted to compare old textbooks with the new, I better refresh my memory of the old ones—and she reminded me that quite a bundle of them were stored in our attic. The next day I dusted off these, and asked some publishers to show me both some additional old ones and their modern counterparts. The first thing I found was that I couldn't compare the old and the new with much precision, for there are at least a dozen new textbooks for every old one, and the names of subjects have changed. History and geography are often called "social sciences" or "social studies" nowadays, and there is even a course in something called "social living," although I couldn't find a textbook for it. All this did not surprise me so much, however, as the specific changes which have come over a volume which is an old enemy of mine: "Elementary Latin," by B. L. Ullman and Norman E. Henry. The copy I got from my attic was published in 1924, and it's a kind of reddish brown color, like the dirt in Georgia. The frontispiece is a colored picture of "Cornelia and Her Jewels," but that's the last concession to eye-appeal. The old book begins with this statement, which I must have read when I was about fourteen, but which left no impression on me at all:

"To The Student

"You are about to begin the study of a new language. Perhaps you are a little curious and eager about it because it is something new, different from anything you have studied; or perhaps you are a little afraid of it because you think of it as something strange and difficult. Let us see what we know.

"Twenty-five hundred years ago Rome was one of many little towns in Italy. Its language, Latin, got its name from the district of Latium, in which the town was situated. . . . "

This introduction, which continues for only a few more paragraphs, brings

IN THIS ISSUE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A year and a half ago* The Saturday Review *published a series of articles on the attacks currently being made on the public schools in many American communities ("The Public School Crisis,"* SR, *Sept. 8, 1951) and last year followed it with a discussion of one of the critics' chief targets, the textbooks being used in the schools ("The Textbook Problem,"* SR, *April 19, 1952). Since that time the situation has improved in some respects, but is still ominous. Most of the improvements have come through organized efforts to promote cooperation between the school systems and their local communities. Beginning on page* 16 *of this issue* SR *publishes reports from five towns and cities where efforts at cooperation have been notably successful. To illuminate the textbook problem further, Sloan Wilson on this page compares the textbooks he studied as a boy with those his children are using, while Bernard Kalb surveys the much-discussed but little understood industry behind the books on page* 14. *And to keep us from becoming complacent over the improvements accomplished in school-citizen relations, Claude Fuess takes a look at the decade ahead and describes, in the article starting on page* 11 *the storm warnings he sees for education.*

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up hard against "Lesson I—First Declension: The Nominative Case," and after that the student must fend for himself.

The new Ullman and Henry Latin book is still dirt-colored, although it's a little larger, and the type is clearer. The title has been changed from the simple "Elementary Latin" to "Latin for Americans"—what confusion that alteration was designed to clear up, I have no idea. The colored picture of Cornelia and her jewels has given way to an austere black-and-white photograph of a large building. The caption reads, "The Supreme Court of the United States at Washington sits in a Roman temple. The beautiful Government buildings of our national capital are based on classical models. 'Equal Justice Under Law' is a Roman idea, one of Rome's greatest contributions to America."

I didn't quite understand what all this was about until I came to the new introduction. The heading of that is "WHAT LATIN WILL MEAN TO YOU"—and I think it's the most apologetic piece of salesmanship I've ever seen.

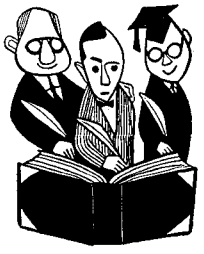
"You and thousands of others are studying Latin," this new preface begins. "Yet you will never use Latin to ask for a milk shake or a postage stamp, and maybe you will not even read Latin books after you leave school, although we hope you will. For Latin is not the language of any country today, nor has it been for hundreds

BEHIND THE BOOKS

FROM HORNBOOK TO CHRESTOMATHY

"SATHAN," it seems, was a man who kept New England in the mid-1600's pretty much in a state of jitters. So, in 1647, Massachusetts, in a two-fisted, antidotal move, adopted its compulsory school law, a document shot through with "y^{e}"s and "y^{t}"s which proclaimed solemnly: "It being one chiefe project of y^{t} ould deluder, Sathan, to keepe men from the knowledge of y^{e} Scriptures," the citizenry had better get busy at once to thwart that "ould deluder y^{t} learning may not be buried in y^{e} grave of o^{r} fath^{rs} in y^{e} church and commonwealth." Anyone who could "reade the English Tongue," it was felt, would be capable of holding his own in the event of a run-in with the ould deluder, and, consequently, a network of schools—among the colonies' first—sprang up.

In the next three centuries, schools continued to spring up all over the place, to the extent that in 1950 Massachusetts and the other forty-seven states combined had 138,600 elementary schools, 27,873 secondary schools, and 1,851 institutions of higher learning, both public and private. (Massachusetts, by 1950, had 2,155 elementary schools, 682 secondary schools, and seventy-seven higher-learning schools, quite an imposing educational phalanx to throw against any feint by Sathan.) With schools mushrooming from coast to coast, with students multiplying by the millions (20,169,626 of them are currently enrolled in public elementary schools alone, or 851,000 more than last year), the textbook became a formidable weapon.



The first textbooks were not textbooks at all, they were hornbooks—primers of parchment or paper, full of A,B,C,'s, nailed on a paddle-shaped board. Eventually, out of the woody hinterlands, free-lance writers, the first in American history, appeared; they compiled spellers, readers, arithmetics, peddling them wherever youngsters in log cabins were being subjected to intellectual-calisthenics. The story of textbookiana in the United States, from Sathan to the late 1900's, is the story of a trio of texts: Harris's "The New England Primer," Webster's "Old Blue-back Speller," and McGuffey's "Eclectic Readers." Today, the industry is a comparatively mammoth, certainly risky, and absolutely multimillion-dollar enterprise, unsung, indispensable, and worth $141,550,000 in sales in 1951.

The Text, $ & ¢: The sale of elementary, secondary, and college texts in 1951, as reported by fifty-three textbook publishers (88 per cent of the industry), aggregated, to repeat, $141,550,000—$2,450,000 *less* than in the previous year but $89,950,000 *more* than in 1939. Liquor sales in 1951, a statistic the text industry is fond of comparing itself with, came to $2,789,000,000. About half a century ago, in 1897, text sales amounted to $7,400,000; liquor that year came to $289,000,000. Boxed cigars sales, however, ran behind texts, with an even $7,000,000.

The 1951-business was split up $67,300,000 for elementary text publishers, $32,550,000 for secondary, and $41,700,000 for college. In the same year, an approximate amount of $3.09, or less than the price of a fifth of cheap whiskey, was spent for texts on every pupil—elementary or secondary—in the country, exactly two cents more than in 1950. For the average college student, sales came to $13.55—in almost all cases, the student's and not the taxpayer's money. On the elementary and secondary levels, the text outlay amounted to less than 2 per cent of the total educational bill, though informal polls have revealed that the man-in-the-street is under the impression that that figure is closer to 10 or 15 per cent. Insofar as net profits are concerned, 1951, though it was $3,500,000 better in total elementary and secondary text sales than 1950, was 1.8 per cent worse, the 1950 profit being 6.4, and the 1951 4.6. College profit for 1951 came to 6.1 per cent, or 2.6 per cent below the 1950-level. (These statistics are all the text industry's.)

Enter, the Textbook Publisher: Once, back in what might be called the Pleistocene period of American textbook

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of years. Surely Latin must have unusually great value in other ways, or you would not be studying it. . . ."

Now, I've taken a lot from Dr. Ullman through the years, but right here I'd like to take issue with him. Sir, that is false reasoning. I don't deny that the study of Latin has many values, but the way to convince children of that is not to say it must be good, or they wouldn't be studying it. The poor little fellows probably *have* to study it, just as I did.

"Let us try to explain," Dr. Ullman goes desperately on. "Twenty-five hundred years ago Rome was one of many small towns in Italy. . . ."

For a moment I thought he'd gone back to the nice little introduction in my old book, but the terrible need to sell his subject to the students soon gets him into trouble again. His salesmanship reaches a climax with this topper: "*Life* magazine says that Latin has spread to the marketplace, where the common man must deal with it."

Well, if Latin must be good, and if *Life* says the common man must deal with it—I guess there's just not much choice. It's enough to make me want to start Latin all over again.

Having finished his pitch, Dr. Ullman gets right down to business. The new "Lesson I" is pretty much like the old. The nominative case hasn't changed much, in spite of the fact that it is now surrounded by some very nice colored pictures of Rome.

Although the confusion between

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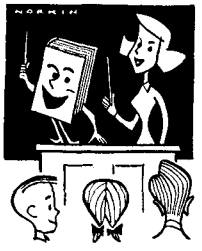
publishing, c. 1700, anyone who could "reade" was something of a potential text writer. All he had to do was jot down his knowledge on a sheet of paper, then publish and sell it. Noah Webster, for example, was not only the author and copyright owner of his "Speller," he was its publisher to boot. As if that wasn't enough to keep one man occupied, Webster, at first, was its only salesman: he hustled from town to town in a remarkable lone-wolf sales campaign. (His "Speller's" success was phenomenal: in 1785, two years after publication, it was moving at the rate of 500 copies a week; by 1818, 5,000,000 copies had been sold. Nor is it yet *passé*; as late as 1946, the "Speller" was still in demand, 5,000 copies being printed in that year.)

Yet for every "Speller," there were dozens of haphazard texts, all trashy bits of evidence of the lack of co-ordination between educational needs and book production. Anyway, it wasn't until the nineteenth century that the full-fledged textbook publisher, a gentleman who had his job cut out for him, turned up. He was expected to (a) determine need, (b) analyze market, (c) weigh competition, (d) select authors and manuscripts, (e) plan with author to meet need, market, and competition, (f) edit, (g) determine mechanical manufacturing details, and (h) distribute.

The Text, How It Is Written: The entry of the text publisher, at a time when free public-school enrollment was skyrocketing, drove the text free-lancer into limbo. In the decade of 1876-1886, for example, professional writers were turning out or creating 36 per cent of the texts published at that time. By 1926, however, the pros were writing only 12 per cent of the texts. For with the demand for sound pedagogical material increasing, with teaching methods improving, and with textbook competition growing, the publishers began to turn to the classrooms in hopes of discovering educators who could create a sure-fire text, or, as some industry people call a text, "an assistant teacher in print." Today, the textbook is the end-product of a highly collaborative effort, of publisher, of educator, and, often, of writer. For any text, the *sine qua non* is an ingredient the trade calls "the idea," suggested by an educational need of teachers and pupils. That idea is fluoroscoped, educators are summoned, editors hold luncheons, schools are consulted, at times more than $1,000,000 is invested, before the first copy of the text is off the presses.



For a variety of reasons, a text is a pretty sensitive object. The matter of vocabulary control, for example: no publisher in his right mind would think of presenting "The Three Little Bears" in a 2B reader in, say, S. J. Perelmanese. A sensitivity of another sort can be found in history texts; the use of the term, "Civil War," is a guarantee of a door slammed shut in the face of a salesman in some Southern states. "The War Between the States" is the phrase.

The Text, How It Is Sold: In the hornbook days, there was no selling problem; a student simply whittled his own text. With a relentlessly expanding school enrollment, however, uniform textbooks had to be introduced to keep the teacher this side of sanity. Around the country, textbook-rating committees were created, with the ultimate authority often residing in the State Board of Education. In a word on that subject, "Textbooks in Education," a book put out by the American Textbooks Publishers Institute, says, "In general, the selection and adoption of textbooks has gradually evolved from a condition of no uniformity to a unified plan of city, township, county, or finally state-wide selection and adoption, followed by provision of free textbooks in many states." Texts are selected in a variety of ways: they may be on a single, or basal, list; a co-basal list; or a multiple list. If it's a basal, only one book for each subject is adopted, and that's that. If it's a co-basal, a school has a choice of one of two books. And, if it's a multiple, three or more books are selected for each subject; the school takes its pick. (College texts, by contrast, are often selected by the departmental faculty, if not by the instructor himself.)

Once a state has chosen its particular list, salesmen—often ex-teachers—move in in a manner faintly reminiscent of a small occupation army. A salesman might have what they call "a hunting license"; if the text he is vending is on the approved list, he darts from principal to teacher to superintendent, in pursuit of a sale. Or, he might operate in what is known as "a basal and exclusive territory"; here, he does his selling to a selection committee *before* the final list is decided. If his text is among the winners, he has no selling problem whatever; *they* come to him. If it isn't, he is free to go fishing. In any case, textbook salesmen for 88 per cent of the industry ran up, in 1951, compensation and traveling expenses aggregating $9,137,000, or 10.6 per cent of total sales. "This," says the industry, "is a remarkably low expense for selling a specialty product." No figures are immediately available for calculating the comparable expense of liquor salesmen.

—Bernard Kalb.

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teaching and salesmanship occasionally has ridiculous aspects, it certainly is only a small defect of a movement which has many virtues. The change which has come over arithmetic books gives a good example of this. The old book I looked at is "Arithmetic," by John W. Hopkins and P. H. Underwood. It was published soon after the turn of the century, and is the color of the dirt in Florida rather than in Georgia. The first page goes like this:

"ARITHMETIC

Book I

Part I

One Two Three Four Five Six Seven
1 2 3 4 5 6 7
Eight Nine
8 9

"Naught, zero or cipher is written 0. Ten is written 10. Eleven is written 11. Twelve is written 12.

Exercise 1 (oral)

How many are:
1. One ball and three balls? One ball and five balls?"

On the first page of that old arithmetic book there are twenty questions about balls—and it isn't what I would call an inspiring lesson. The format of the book does little to help. The print is closely packed, and the only illustrations are a few tiny drawings of gallon pitchers and other units of measure.

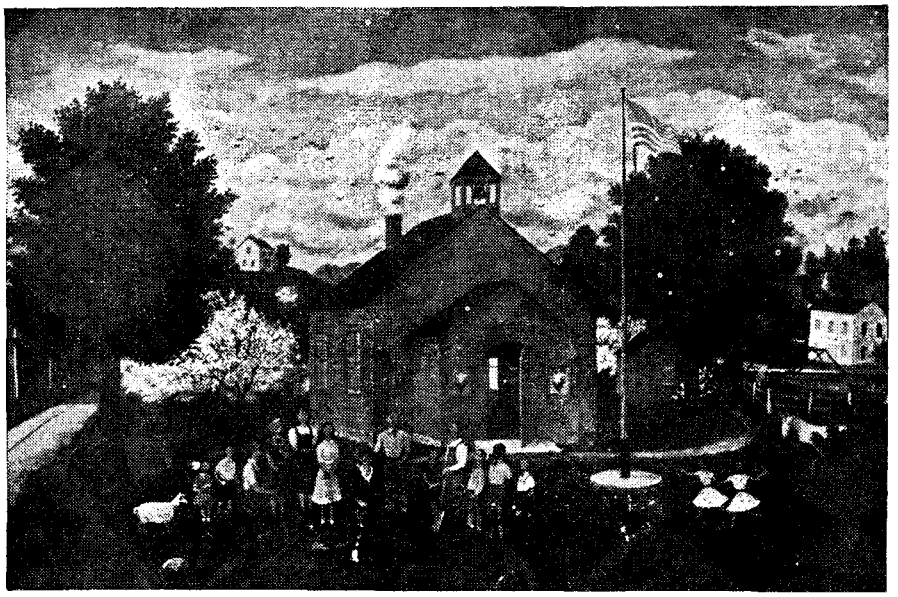
The new "Arithmetic," by Harry Grove Wheat, Geraldine Kauffman, and Earl R. Douglas is an entirely different sort of book. It is full of gaily colored pictures, and the first chapter tells the story of a birthday party. It goes like this:

" 'There are nine of us. I will set the table for nine,' said Jane.
'I see ten children,' said her mother.
'Oh!' said Jane, 'I did not count myself. I make ten.' "

I'm not sure that even at the age of seven or eight I would have been entirely fascinated by that, but it certainly is better than all those balls.

The silly language which crops up in so many modern textbooks is obviously the penalty for carrying these interest-catching devices too far. The 1927 "World Geography," by Frank M. McMurry and A. E. Parkins has, for instance, been replaced by a book which at first glance looks much like it, but which is entitled, "Living On Our Earth"—the only alternative to which would be "Dying On Our Earth,"

(*Continued on page* 62)



—*Associated American Artists*

"Arbor Day"—"one man's religion is another man's heresy."

Five Cities on the Spot

MURRAY ILLSON

WHEN *The Saturday Review* reported on the public-school crisis as manifested in six cities and examined the textbook situation [Sept. 8, 1951; April 19, 1952], it must have appeared to many persons that the schools had indeed fallen on evil days.

On the one hand, there were the problems arising out of lack of finances: low salaries for teachers, obsolete buildings, overcrowded classes, and lack of supplies. On the other hand, there were the attacks of the critics of the curriculum, or teaching methods, of textbooks: the schools were "Godless," they taught the philosophy of "statism" and they were breeding places for Communists.

These conditions still exist today, but in many communities across the country citizens are attempting to face up to the problems and do something about them. The troubles arising out of lack of money have been around for a long time and the indications are that they will continue to be around for a long time. As for the critics of the schools, they are still present, but so are those who have rallied to the defense of the schools.

The problem of public school criticism is extraordinarily complex and yet at the same time very simple. The complexities grow out of the bitterness with which charges and countercharges are hurled. Yet it seems a simple and reasonable enough assumption that anyone who pays taxes should have the right to criticize how his money is spent.

Those who believe, for example, that religion should be taught in the public schools are free to advocate that and campaign for it; those who fear that the introduction of religion (even in the form of singing the fourth stanza of "America," as in New York City) is a step toward the eventual breakdown of the separation of church and state have the same rights.

One man's religion is another man's heresy, and in a country where heretics have abounded since the arrival of the Pilgrim Fathers and where separation of church and state is more than a mere shibboleth it isn't going to be easy to solve the problem of religion in the public schools—and if you bring religion in, how much and where do you draw the line?

As for the charge that the public schools are infiltrated by Communist teachers and are breeding places for left-wing ideologies, one could argue that the election results prove the opposite. In a public school system as vast as America's it should not be surprising if there were some Communist teachers. The difficulty here, however, is to root out the real subversives without destroying the tra-

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tional rights of our citizens—in-
uding teachers—to hold opinions.
'en unpopular ones. The problem is
cope with Communists without sac-
ficing freedom of inquiry, which is
sential if education is to be more
an mere indoctrination.

On February 17, at the seventy-
nth annual convention of the Amer-
an Association of School Adminis-
ators in Atlantic City, Mrs. Agnes
Meyer of Washington, a member
the board of directors of the Na-
onal Citizens Commission for the
ublic Schools, warned that Con-
'essional committees investigating
hools and colleges were a threat not
ily to education but to democracy
self.

N her speech, Mrs. Meyer, who is
the wife of Eugene Meyer, chair-
an of the board of the *Washington*
ost, specifically denounced Senators
seph R. McCarthy of Wisconsin and
illiam E. Jenner of Indiana, and
epresentative Harold H. Velde of
inois.

In reply, Senator McCarthy was
uoted by the Associated Press as
ying that he would "waste no time
ading speeches by the management
the *Washington Daily Worker*,
uch less answer them." Represent-
ive Velde asserted that Mrs. Mey-
's criticism was "typical of those
ing made by intellectual pinks and
hers following the Communist Party
ne." Senator Jenner said he would
et the record and evidence speak
r itself."

About the same time, the Chicago
ublic-school system announced the
anning from its classrooms of the
olume that has long been the favor-
e target of critics of textbooks,
Magruder's American Government."
ut in the past year there has been
tle new agitation.

Also on the side of good news, it has
een disclosed that 8,000 citizen com-
ittees have been founded to work
r better schools in the United States,
id according to the National Citizens
ommission for the Public Schools,
ew groups are being formed at the
te of 250 a month. The commission,
hich has its headquarters at 2 West
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as formed in 1949 by a group of
ominent executives and civic lead-
s to strengthen and improve the
untry's public schools.

Roy E. Larsen, president of Time,
c., and chairman of the commis-
on, declared recently at a commis-
on assembly that "apathy," a great
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een counteracted by constructive ac-
on in many communities.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

the nation's seventeenth largest city, had a public-school crisis dating back to the Great Depression. Then six years ago a citywide citizens' movement enlisted to give it battle. Gerri Hoffner of *The Minneapolis Star and Tribune* reports on what has followed.

MINNEAPOLIS public schools have known a full share of lean years. They had two teachers' strikes in a five-year period. Three superintendents—a seemingly expendable commodity these days—came and went in a similar period of time.

The need for more money haunted school administrators year in and year out. So threadbare was the school budget in the 1930's and early 1940's that teachers accepted salary cuts of from six to twenty-five per cent. Many of the ninety-odd school buildings—with sub-standard lighting, grimy walls, and leaky plumbing—stood as cheerless memorials to public indifference. One year, the grand sum of $64 was all that could be scraped from the barrel-bottom for school repairs and improvements.

Added to these problems, the schools got another in 1949: a noisy, irascible curriculum dispute centering on the little-understood common learnings program.

Throughout these "lean years," the adapthy of Minneapolis citizens was sure and steady.

Except for a small group which called itself the Citizens Committee on Public Education. With patience and perception, it had plugged away at school problems without any spectacular success since 1939. Its quiet, painstaking earnestness stemmed directly from Mrs. Clara Painter, a Minneapolis woman whose friendship for public education has been proven many times over.

Then, in 1947, the committee got a tremendous burst of new energy in the person of Samuel Gale, vice president in charge of public relations for General Mills. With Gale, who also is a member of the board of the National Citizens Commission for the Public Schools, came the idea to pull in the interest—and the money—of the business community. He succeeded so well that labor groups, seeing the growing strength of this citizens committee, clamored for and got greater representation.

Today, the powerful committee has about one hundred affiliated organizations, one hundred members-at-large, and 250 associate members. And the organizations include such unusual comrades-in-cause as the Junior League and the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks, the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Urban League.

The accomplishments of this broad committee have astonished even its members. It spearheaded a successful drive to get Minneapolis citizens to vote an increased mill rate for their schools—the first in more than twenty-five years. It sponsored a "Modern School Day" in 1950 to illustrate the need for improved schools and equipment. More than 50,000 men and women visited the rambling, glass-and-brick buildings in nearby suburban communities. Won over, they encouraged the Minneapolis city council to approve bond issues for several new schools and additions to schools.

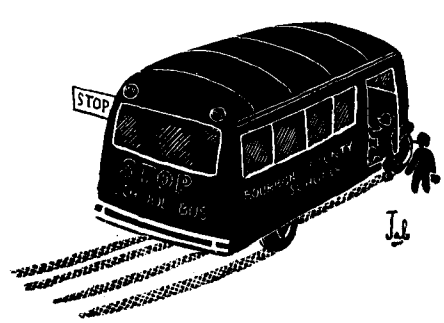
THE committee's most effective public interest project was its Citizens School Week sponsored last May. For five days, more than 100,000 Minneapolis citizens visited their schools, paid unprecedented tribute to school employees with special merit certificates, and "discovered" the Minneapolis educational program.

Most successful of all activities during the week was "Teacher Recognition Day." There were orchids, red apples, and invitations to dinner in the homes of Minneapolis citizens for each of the approximately 2,000 teachers.

For this week-long project, which was eight months in the planning, the citizens won for Minneapolis this year a place among the National Municipal League's and *Look* magazine's eleven "All-America" cities.

There is no doubt that the committee's success is due in part to two factors: One is the smart, public-relations conscious leadership. The second is the relatively new and blossoming curiosity about public schools that is spreading from community to community.

But there is one more factor that



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outweighs the other two. It is hard work—hours and hours of it—invested by individual members and supporting organizations.

This hard work is best demonstrated perhaps in the ten-or-so subcommittees, each doing a fact-finding job on specific school problems. On these subcommittees—studying matters such as school personnel practices, school buildings, and equipment—are many men and women whose services ordinarily command high fees but who work free-of-charge for the respected citizens group.

At least one subcommittee study on the teaching of reading in Minneapolis public schools has attracted wide interest in other states and Canada.

It should be added here that wherever the citizens have looked carefully at the curriculum, they have pronounced it good. They have been less happy with administrative practices, and subcommittees are at present working with school officials to bring about changes for the better.

Few will disagree in this city of half a million that the lean years now are safely, if just barely, behind Minneapolis schools.

There are problems still. But there are, too, the organized and cooperative citizens. Said Superintendent Rufus Putnam recently: "Few citizens committees have developed the technique of continuity which is characteristic of the Minneapolis Citizens Committee on Public Education.

"The work being done by this group will bring our school system to new levels in the community and in comparable communities. We want all people to have a better understanding of school matters, but some one group in the community must spearhead this movement. The Citizens Committee on Public Education is doing this in Minneapolis. I am grateful to them for their program and leadership."

The superintendent might well have added, "It was a long, hard fight against apathy, but the citizens won."

ORONO, MINN.

although only sixteen miles from Minneapolis, is completely rural. Here Margaret Parsons tells how nine districts transformed a string of one-room ungraded schoolhouses into a modern first-grade-through-high-school system with a minimum of growing pains and a maximum of dispatch.

FOR years there had been talk and criticism and speculation about improvements in nine contiguous common-school districts in rural Minnesota. Finally, in 1946, a group of citizens began to translate their words into action. They organized a community effort that transformed a string of one-room ungraded schools into a new, modern brick and picture-window elementary school, supplemented by three smaller schools—plus a new functional high school.

The new school district did not come into being without birth pangs and growing pains, but the results of the coordinated efforts of citizens, school board members, and their dynamic young superintendent are impressive. "Look at Orono" is an expression frequently heard in Minnesota.

The Orono Independent Consolidated School District Number 11 as it stands today has an area of thirty-six square miles. At one extreme it is within sixteen miles of Minneapolis. It touches the celebrated waters of the Minnetonka, stretches out to farms and villages, includes palatial estates, modest suburban homes, and tiny summer cottages.

The consolidation has been described as "fraught with surveys, debates, and mass meetings."

So many were the meetings, so widely discussed the issues, that it was a truly informed citizenry that made the decision. The nine districts of Long Lake, Upper Crystal Bay, Stubbs Bay, Maple Plain, Armstrong, Grove Center, Reiser, Hill, and Spurzem voted overwhelmingly to establish an independent school district—the first under the new Minnesota Reorganization Act. A new six-man school board, representing all sections of the district, set to work to choose a superintendent. They decided on Carlton W. Lytle, a young and enthusiastic Minneapolis principal.

One new elementary school was under construction before the consolidation. Three other older but excellent buildings would be used, but the five one-room schools, devoid of plumbing and all sanitary conveniences, had to go. Still, the people were uneasy. They had voted against consolidation with their larger neighbors because they wanted a close connection with their own schools, but they were used to thinking in terms of five to nineteen thousand dollar budgets. They were pleasantly attached to their little school houses with the front door key left under the mat for all to use. The auctions were held to an accompaniment of sighs and apprehensive whispers, but the one-room schools were sold.

THE citizens had little time to sit and worry about the change-over. A budget was worked out and a prospectus issued on proposed bond issues including estimated future maintenance costs. The bond issues were approved. A centrally located site was selected for the new six-year high school. The naming of the new district was solved by a parents-sponsored contest among adults and children of the area. Orono was a logical selection since most of the district lies in Orono township.

Busy with the selection of teachers and a mountain of expensive equipment, Superintendent Lytle and the board nevertheless took time to meet with the citizens every step of the way. An educational philosophy was formulated. Orono High was to feature a strong college preparatory course together with adequate facilities for vocational training and a comprehensive adult education program. Citizens were invited to help choose textbooks. Samples from the various publishers were assembled and representative parents made a serious appraisal and conscientiously filled out evaluation charts.

Three years of effort were climaxed in January 1952 when the doors of the new Orono High were thrown open and the citizens thronged in to participate in dedication services and proudly inspect the new school, already known all over the state as "The People's School."

They had dug deeply into their pockets; they had looked forward to this day. Feeling so pleased with themselves, they were startled indeed to read a message from their superintendent in the local *Minnetonka Herald*. Under the title "Now for the Second Step," the plain-speaking Mr. Lytle pointed out that rising costs had eaten up portions of the fund allocated for equipment. "Notice," he said, "that there are no chairs in the cafeteria, no shades in the gymnasium to allow for presentation of films. Notice the lack of floor coverings, of furniture in special rooms, and the shortage of books in the library. What is to be done about landscaping, a football field, and play areas? Shall we follow a long-range program of getting a little at a time, or shall we take the proverbial creature by the horns and raise our mill rate to get what we need? People of Orono, what is your answer?"

Thus a new problem was posed. The budget worked out when the new

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school was only a dream had held up. By painstaking planning on the part of the board and the school administration the basic plants and essential equipment had been purchased without exceeding the estimated costs. However, there was talk of increasing salaries, of purchasing some extras in equipment—some luxuries. Superintendent Lytle has put it up to the people. How far they will choose to go in this direction is yet to be seen.

At present the peoples' schools at Orono are adding equipment gradually. Whatever develops in the future, in the four short years since their original vote for consolidation, the people of Orono have established an efficient up-to-date school system. The enthusiastic school spirit of the students only points up the success of the undertaking.

SCARSDALE, N. Y.

is a "blue-stocking" residential suburb north of New York City. Since the war, bitter battles have been fought over such issues as "Communist infiltration" and teaching methods. Eleanor Finney, a Scarsdale mother, describes what has been done to restore peace and build for the future.

"IF YOU want a velvet lawn to display during this Coronation Year," said an Englishman, "begin two hundred years ago."

Many years ago, Scarsdale Union Free School District No. 1 started a school-and-community relationship which it has continuously cultivated. The current rash of urgent school problems has only enlivened a community interest already well developed.

We are confronted, like other communities, by unexpected growth in school population; by needs for additional buildings; by increases in school taxes; by suggestions of consolidation with other districts; by questions on the adequacy of our teaching of moral and patriotic values; by demands for examination of books, teachers, and teaching for Communist infiltration.

All of these problems, coming at one time, have led the Scarsdale Board of Education and professional staff to welcome additional community help; and that help has happily been given by citizens accustomed to an intimate and steady interest in their schools.

A brief survey of our general activities prior to the eruption of current problems will give background for recent developments.

The Town Club of Scarsdale is an organization of 1,030 men interested in civic affairs. A Town Club resolution, adopted at a meeting of the School District twenty years ago, spells out the procedure that has been used ever since to select members of the Board of Education.

A village-wide nominating committee of fifteen members is set up by the presidents of the Town Club, the Woman's Club, and the Parent-Teachers Assocation Council in consultation with other representative residents. The nominating committee chooses, indeed virtually drafts the services of the people whom they consider best qualified. The committee presents one slate to be voted upon at the annual School District meeting.

As a result of this method, we have a seven-member Board composed of men and women already distinguished in their respective fields, who have not sought office. They serve without pay, and meet for long hours. They are responsible for operating a school system that includes a senior and a junior high school and three—soon to be four—elementary schools, with a total of 3,000 pupils.

The board members are given much advice, asked many questions, and sometimes severely criticized; but they realize that back of it all, in most cases, is a spirit of cooperation. Representatives of civic organizations attend all board meetings, and the board president always asks them for comments or questions.

Each year the Town Club studies the proposed school budget, and prints and distributes copies of its report prior to the annual District meeting. The P.T.A., the League of Women Voters, and the Public Affairs Committee of the Woman's Club conduct meetings to study school problems and to appraise educational philosophies as reflected in our own local schools.

The schools themselves bring in groups of parents to acquaint them with school policies. The P.T.A. Council has a Public Relations Committee to help in interpreting to the community what the schools are trying to achieve.

So much for the usual community interest. How has it been influential in the controversial problems of recent years? The answer can best be given by citing four examples:

(1) To discuss both the consolidation of school districts and plans for possible expansion of school facilities, the Board of Education more than a year ago asked twenty-one citizens, whose names had been suggested by civic organizations, to form a Long-Range Planning Committee. After months of study, the committee published a thirty-five page report, containing detailed forecasts of school population and "educated guesses" as to tax increases over the next ten years. The report also suggested and compared various plans for additional school buildings.

Use of this report as a basis for discussion at meetings of interested organizations was educational in itself. The Long-Range Planning Committee, rather than the Board or the superintendent or groups of parents irate over crowded classrooms, has pointed out school needs to taxpayers, and given them information on which to base their decisions. These decisions will be made in the vote on a bond issue, in a postcard poll to guide the Board in its decision on consolidation, in the vote on the Scarsdale school budget.

(2) Another community committee was appointed nearly two years ago to confer with the Board and the architects about a new elementary school. This committee discovered and publicized the fact that to build a modern one-floor-plan school, with its educational advantages, would cost no more than to duplicate the design of one of our older multi-story Scarsdale schools.

(3) Last year the teaching staff was as eager as the Board for an appraisal of the adequacy of our teaching of American citizenship and civic responsibility. The Board appointed a committee of citizens who reexamined the subject, met with teachers and made a long printed report that was mailed to every Scarsdale resident.

(4) Several years ago a few residents, convinced that there was Communist influence in the schools, began to besiege the superintendent and the Board with demands for scrutiny of textbooks and staff and with accusations of indifference to Communist infiltration. The community rallied to the support of the Board and staff by giving them an overwhelming vote of confidence at the annual District meeting in three consecutive years. In the

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course of the controversy, the Board and staff have formulated and printed their statements of policy so that citizens can judge them.

Last April a group of residents, not a formal committee, drew up an open letter to the Board expressing confidence in the Board and the administrative and teaching staffs. The letter was signed by more than 3,000 people.

At the annual District meeting last May, with over 1,500 citizens present, a resolution was presented by a Town Club member and adopted with only one dissenting vote, authorizing the presidents of the P.T.A. Council, the Woman's Club, the Town Club, and the League of Women Voters to form a nucleus committee to call upon the community and to take action as they deem necessary in defense of Scarsdale's schools.

Progress has not come without friction and heat, difficulties and differences of opinion; but through extending and deepening community understanding of its system of public education, Scarsdale is enriching its traditionally good school-and-community relationship. We have learned its value.

FERNDALE, MICH.

a middle-class suburb north of Detroit, has a population of 23,000. Like hundreds of other communities, it found itself short of classrooms and no funds with which to build more. Here Ann Brunner of the *Royal Oak* (Mich.) *Tribune* describes the movement that the situation sparked.

ONE Tuesday evening back in 1948, a heated delegation of parents came to a meeting of the Board of Education in Ferndale, Michigan. They were tired of seeing their children crammed into overflowing classrooms. The board listened, then turned around and asked if they wanted to help. Soon, these parents and others representing each school neighborhood were charging full steam into the planning of a community-wide school expansion program. This was the unheralded beginning of one of the most active citizen participation movements of any school system in the United States.

Over the past four years, hundreds of citizens have added their voice to decisions involving everything from school building programs, to teacher salary schedules, and even such obscure matters as high-school and grade-school curricula.

The dynamic Ferndale movement was conceived out of an ordinary building problem. It grew sturdily in early years, and then was caught up in a bitter "progressive education" controversy, which, far from stifling it, has spurred it on to new growth and solid achievement.

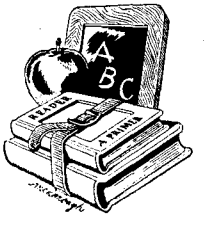
The answer to all this newly-generated interest revolves around a man and his idea. Ferndale's school superintendent, Roy E. Robinson, is the antithesis of the "ivory tower" educator. He believes that in the people lie the answers to improving not only school buildings and teacher salaries, but also the very fundamental philosophy of public schools.

As he explains it, "The problem of better schools must be attacked on many fronts, with teachers, administrators, and parents all enlarging their conception of what education in a free society can be."

In Ferndale, a northern suburb of Detroit, Robinson found a heterogeneous mixture of people. The most splendid home is not quite a mansion, and the poorest, in a Negro area, is not quite a shack. In between, there are hundreds of residents who establish the community norm, comfortable middle class.

Robinson used a problem—overcrowded schoolrooms—to draw these people together in common cause. But the parents didn't stop once they solved their school building needs. Since 1948, they've sunk their teeth into a variety of problems traditionally considered "off limits" for the layman.

Today, there's a permanent "watchdog" citizens' committee looking out for current and future building problems. Others work with school employees on salaries, and advise the Board of ways to keep the school wage scale up to date so Ferndale can compete with neighboring Detroit for good teachers. Another group has spent two years studying high-school curriculum, and has come up with the skeleton framework of a program around which a future new high school may be built.



In one neighborhood, parents drew up a set of "we believe" statements that form the basic philosophy on which their school operates. Still another citizens' group soon will start a study of the adequacy and suitability of instructional materials used in every one of the public Ferndale schools.

But these committees, most of them fathered by the Board of Education, are not the limit of citizen activity. Independent groups have sprung up to study public education. One sponsors "see it for yourself" programs for the public, such as walk-through tours of the schools, and a view of the schools' administrative council in action.

Parents throw more and more energy into study of problems arising in their neighborhood schools. They aid teachers and pupils with camping projects and educational tours. They meet in pre-school workshops and in grade-level groups with Ferndale's educational psychologist, to learn more about how children grow, and how their own personalities affect their children.

PTA's have undergone a "revolution." The traditional speaker-type meeting has become obsolete, as parents speak for themselves on educational issues.

Citizens come to grips with very human problems when working together on school matters. They pass through a "misery" stage during which they must get acquainted with each other and with the problem. They must master the problems of communication, and set down goals and progress toward reaching these goals.

The high-school curriculum committee is an example. These elected representatives from PTA's and civic organizations faced one another in a circular discussion group for months before they felt they were making progress. Their study of educational materials was intermixed with personal reactions and expressions of differing philosophies. Finally, the men and women drew up an interim report. This report was presented to the community through the PTA's, for reactions and further suggestions. Thus armed, the group went forward again, and after another year of weekly sessions, presented the Board of Education with its final report. An estimated 2,000 man hours went into the job.

Perhaps the most significant citizen activity is that of the parents in a newly-developing neighborhood. Their action spawned the prolonged "progressive education" controversy in Ferndale.

These enthusiastic parents first helped plan a new grade-school building included in the 1948 expansion program. They continued to meet in homes, to discuss what kind of program and philosophy their new school would follow. With the help of the superintendent, they pored over written materials, saw educational films, but mostly talked about the

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educational goals they wanted their children to achieve. In this period they called public meetings of all interested parents in the new school area. Together, these parents evolved a set of fifteen "we believe" statements that have become the foundation of the present school program. The most specific calls for parent-teacher conferences instead of traditional report cards. Others express the parents' beliefs that "there should be a close relationship between home and school, so each can reinforce the learnings fostered by the other," that learning should be related to children's physical, mental, social and emotional development, and that the school should afford youngsters opportunities for self-direction and self control.

These parents still help mold curriculum at the school, through bimonthly curriculum conferences with teachers and administrators. Here, then, are parents actually shaping a public-school program.

From the start, natural differences of opinion arose. Some parents feared the group was moving too far from the traditional, and labelled the "we believe" philosophy as "progressive education". These became fighting words. Parents in other school neighborhoods were the most vehement critics, as the issue became political in the next school board election, and has remained so.

The controversy, however, has given another shot in the arm to Ferndale's citizen participation movement. Crowds who heard bitterly opposing arguments of school board candidates have their ear newly tuned to the education channel. Many forsake bridge games and TV sets for what they consider the more interesting pursuit of gathering together.

Through the proven effectiveness of parent meetings, the "opposition" group is just as adamantly pursuing its study and goals. This opposition is accepted philosophically by Superintendent Robinson. "If enough people get involved," he believes, "we'll get an education that fits our town. It will be neither 'progressive' nor 'traditional', and it will be as close to the goals of American culture and democracy as you can get. The people are the balance wheel."

Something has happened to these people who are shaping Ferndale's educational future. These citizens—housewives, businessmen, factory workers, and professional people alike—have educated themselves. By their very participation, they've caught a clearer meaning of democracy.

Decisions affecting their children no longer are made alone by a board of education and a few administrators. The people have become leaders.

ARLINGTON, VA.

is a residential county just south of Washington. Like the capital, it has grown rapidly in the past two decades—since World War II its population has nearly tripled. Della Brown writes here of the way citizens and school authorities have eased the resulting headache.

PEOPLE living in the twenty-five square mile area of Arlington County, Virginia, faced a school crisis when World War II brought an influx of new residents. The population increased from 57,040 in the 1940 census to 135,449 in 1950. The war in Korea brought another spurt, which still continues, so that community authorities now conservatively estimate Arlington to have more than 150,000 residents. Today's school enrollment is approximately 19,500 in forty schools.

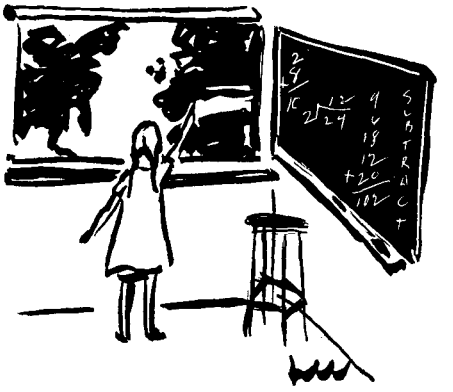
Six years ago a citizen movement in Arlington resulted in replacing a court-appointed school board with the first and only elected school board in the state of Virginia.

One of the elected school board's first acts, after taking office in January 1948, was to appoint "exploratory" committees of citizens to survey school needs in such varying fields as health, libraries, music, guidance, school lunches, home economics, and primary education.

When the exploratory committees had completed their work, and steps were under way to carry out many of their recommendations, the committees were replaced with permanent advisory councils which continue a watchful interest over most of the fields covered by the exploratory committees and over other areas also. Each of the advisory councils has about twenty members, including some school staff members. Many of the citizen members are experts in the fields in which the councils work.

Additional advisory councils have been set up as need for them has arisen. For instance, a Construction Advisory Council, made up of bankers, builders, architects, and building supply dealers, was appointed to scrutinize critically plans and specifications for school building projects. Another hard-working group that included experienced personnel men was named to draft a suggested set of personnel policies covering all school employees.

At the school board's request, Arlington insurance underwriters named a committee of their own to administer all school insurance under a low-cost blanket policy. Other advisory councils were named by the school board on budget procedures, special education for handicapped children, audio-visual teaching materials, trades and industry, distributive education, and speech, covering drama, radio, and TV. A total of nearly 400 men and women serve on the councils.



In order to maintain close contact with all parts of the community, the Arlington school board in 1949 set up an advisory committee for each of the schools in Arlington. These range in size from three members for each of the smaller schools to seven for the 2,600-pupil Washington-Lee high school. These committees are named by the school board, usually after consultation with the school principals. The committee members hold office one year, are subject to reappointment, and are instructed to serve as a liaison group between the board and the school community. They work with the principal of the school and may call to the school board's attention anything from desired improvements in buildings and grounds to a need for additional teachers.

CITIZEN participation in Arlington schools has been generally successful, but it is not all perfect. Working with citizens' committees and councils is so time-consuming that Arlington school board members cannot always give as much time as they would like to each group. Sometimes the committees or councils make budget requests which cannot be granted, or recommend actions which the school board does not adopt. In some instances the school board has been accused of appointing only citizens from the "school clique" when the board follows the natural tendency of naming to committees those citizens who have already shown an interest in the schools.

In spite of the difficulties of working with advisory councils and committees, the Arlington school board

(*Continued on page 55*)

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Pundit for Grandfather

WILLIAM C. DEVANE

TOWARDS the end of his life Tennyson, seeing that classical myth and legend which had served as vehicle for so much of his best poetry could not much longer be relied upon, expressed in "Parnassus" his dread of the new age: "What be those two shapes high over the sacred fountain, /Taller than all the Muses, and huger than all the mountain? . . . /These are Astronomy and Geology, terrible Muses."

Astronomy has had some effect upon modern poetry, and geology somewhat less, but the "terrible Muse" of poetry—indeed of all literature—in our century is something other. It is psychology. This field has given us methods of analysis and means of interpreting human thoughts and emotions. And in poetry, Tennyson's chief contemporary rival, Robert Browning, is partly responsible for that development. In Betty Miller's new portrait of Browning* the wheel has come full circle; he is here the victim of the method he applied with telling effect in such a monologue as "Andrea del Sarto."

Browning's immediate predecessors —Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, and Shelley—felt each in his degree and kind the necessity to "confess," to lay himself bare before the world in all his hopes and aspirations, his feelings and intimate thoughts, his hard-won triumphs in love and life, his sins and abject defeats. Not least in this kind was Shelley, Browning's "Suntreader," for many years his idol. But with the rise of the middle classes after 1832 a very different temper ruled in society. Far less sure of themselves, the Victorians developed a reticence that amounted to prudery, and sometimes to hypocrisy, in their lives as well as their literature. Browning's haunting nightmare was that he would be surprised at his toilet by an intruder, that he would appear before visitors less than fully clothed, that his wife should see him without his coat.

His writing, however, began as confessional. In his first published poem, "Pauline," significantly anonymous, he exposed his adolescent agonies and aspirations, his very heart and soul. John Stuart Mill's excoriating notes on the poem put an end to all that, for from the moment Browning read them he resolved that never again would he wear his heart upon his sleeve, that henceforth his poetry would be dramatic, the utterances of characters rather than his own. But it was not easy. The thin dramatic disguises of "Paracelsus" and "Sordello" have not hidden from keen inquiring eyes, especially Mrs. Miller's, the large amount of personal history that informs these works. Nor did Browning ever quite succeed, even in his maturest works, in becoming a dramatic author in the sense—to try him by ultimate standards—that Shakespeare was expressing the ideas of his characters and submerging his own.

So horrified was Browning by Mill's detection of his green and crude soul that he made every effort from 1833 on to guard the citadel of his private life. Not until 1868 did he, with "extreme repugnance" and some significant changes in the text, acknowledge "Pauline" as his own. He took every occasion to destroy his juvenile poems, to burn his letters, to fend off biographers, and to defeat the curious. Late in his life he could ask: "Which of you did I enable/Once to slip inside my breast?" The answer is "A great many." For Browning could not resist the strange necessity to disclose his heart and his intimate life in poems that have been considered luminous in their own right, as well as in other dark and enigmatic poems which have yielded their secrets to the keen and patient scholars of our own day. An example of this latter is the "Parleying with Daniel Bartoli," in which his affair with Lady Ashburton in 1869 was disclosed for those who had eyes to see.

MRS. MILLER has written an extremely clever and penetrating book, offering much new information and a new interpretation of Browning's character and personality. Her book is a running account of his relations with women from the narrow but powerful personality of Sarah Anna Wiedemann Browning, his mother, through Eliza Flower, Fanny Haworth, Elizabeth

*ROBERT BROWNING. By Betty Miller. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 317 pp. $5.

THE AUTHOR: If he hadn't had to ferry a rare book across the Atlantic posthaste, John Carter, Scribner's London man, would not have flown into New York a couple of weeks ago, and if Carter hadn't been in town, there'd have been little to report on Betty Miller. Scribner's, New York, knew only the dust-jacket biography: "Betty Miller was born in Ireland, and educated there and in Sweden, France, and England. She is married to a Harley Street consultant and has two children. Her novels include 'On the Side of the Angels' and 'The Death of the Nightingale.'" However, Scribner's, London, in the form of Mr. Carter, had actually met Mrs. Miller. "There is nothing very striking about her," Carter began in a fine British accent between puffs on a fine British pipe. "She doesn't smoke cigars or chew gum. She's a damned good writer, awfully nice, quiet, about thirty-one or -two. It's a dangerous thing to hazard a woman's age. She doesn't carry on at all like a lit'ry dame. Some authors, you know, are hell." Carter went on to relate he had first heard of Mrs. Miller through John Murray, her British publisher. Murray had shown him a copy of *The Cornhill* about three years ago; it had a piece on the Brownings by a Betty Miller. "'Here is someone who knows Browning,' I said," Carter recalled. "'If there's a book, may we have it?'" The book was published by Murray last fall, by Scribner's this week. "One curious thing," Carter said. "When we took the book, we thought of using 'Elizabeth Miller.' 'Betty' was all right for her novels, but it had a slightly frivolous sound next to the Brownings. 'Sorry,' interrupted Mrs. Miller. 'I was christened "Betty."' It's one we would have liked to have got around." When the subject of the rare book came up, Carter suddenly became tight-lipped. "It's a secret," he whispered. "All I can say is that I recently convoyed a Gutenberg Bible across, and *this* book is forty-six times rarer. There are forty-six Gutenbergs in the world. Can't tell you the price, either, but around Scribner's we say of the Gutenberg, 'You'd get a little change out of two-hundred-thousand, but not much.' This one's almost as expensive."

—BERNARD KALB.

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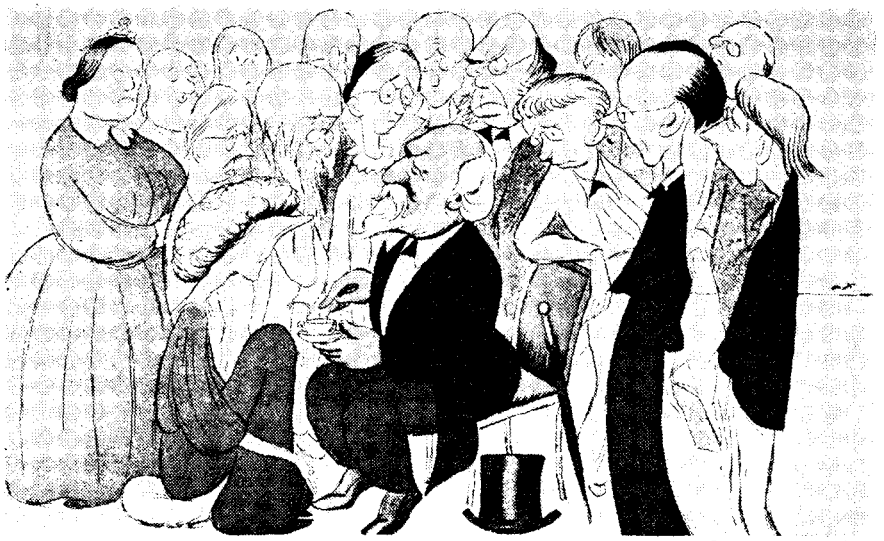

—Bettmann Archive.

Robert Browning taking tea with the Browning Society (1885).

Barrett. Julia Wedgwood. Louisa Ashburton, Anne Edgerton Smith, Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, and Mrs. Katherine de Kay Bronson. Mrs. Miller's theme is that Browning was attracted in greater or lesser degree to these women by his own helplessness, by a necessity upon him to worship and love "from below." Most of these women were older than Browning, some of them stronger in their opinions, and all of them wealthier. The poet's mother, according to Mrs. Miller, fastened her will and opinions upon her husband and her son, and in spite of a few minor rebellions destroyed the independence of her men.

Naturally Elizabeth Barrett Browning, both before and after her marriage, is the central star in the galaxy, and the book becomes her biography as long as she lives. Mrs. Miller attempts to reverse completely the popular conception of the masterful Browning of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," who threw up the window of the sick-room to let the fresh air in, and opened the door to let Elizabeth Barrett escape. Mrs. Miller's modern Perseus cuts a sorry figure, leaving Andromeda to make all the decisions concerning her rescue.

As the years drew on, Mrs. Miller says, "By pure choice, he had surrendered his independence in the little everyday matters of life, only to discover that in the major matters, too, the power of franchise had unaccountably been taken from him." As proof of this, the biographer adduces the real fact that as long as Mrs. Browning was alive Browning had no say in the upbringing of his son.

The student of Browning will gladly admit that there are much truth and great value in the present book. Mrs. Miller is extremely well informed in Browning matters and has brought a quantity of new information together in skilful fashion. But the book is not well documented. Mrs. Miller's habit of recording in her footnotes only the sources of information which she herself has discovered may lead the unwary reader to think that she is more of a pioneer in this field than in fact she is. Nor does her preface correct this impression. In this she has treated ungenerously a number of scholars, mainly American, who have provided much of the material on which her book rests.

Mrs. Miller is, nevertheless, extraordinarily penetrating in her insights, and has read much of Browning, both prose and poetry, more intensely and to more effect than almost anyone else. Again and again her grasp of psychology and her feminine intuitions score valuable points. Yet the subtitle of this volume is significant. We have here "a portrait" —such a portrait as Sargent may have painted of one of his eminent victims with whom he did not see eye to eye. Here and there features are exaggerated or reduced, and much else that might have altered the picture has been carefully left out. The result is a portrait that reveals a great deal about the subject that we had not known, or had not the eyes to see, but mainly tells us how the painter saw the subject.

William C. DeVane, dean of Yale College and Emily Sanford Professor of English in Yale University, is the author of "Browning's Parleyings: The Autobiography of a Mind," "A Browning Handbook," and editor with K. L. Knickerbocker of "New Letters of Robert Browning."

Father of the Novel

HENRY FIELDING: His Life, Works, and Times. By F. Homes Dudden. New York: Oxford University Press. Two vols. 1183 pp. $21.

By Robert Halsband

HENRY FIELDING'S great novels have won him the sort of immortality that gathers no dust and invites no revival. "Father of the English novel" is what Walter Scott called him. (One wonders whether Richardson, with his prolix, weepy heroines, was the mother!) And his novels are still so alive—with their people adventuring through complex human lives in the vividly realistic countryside, towns, and cities of eighteenth-century England—that they have disowned their author. That is the fate of the greatest creators—to be burned away, so to speak, in the fires of their creations.

But there was a man behind the pen that wrote "Joseph Andrews" and "Tom Jones" and "Amelia"—a man who reveals himself in tantalizing, attractive glimpses—and human curiosity demands that he be brought forward. Arthur Murphy published the first complete biography seven years after Fielding's death in 1754 at the age of only forty-seven; and it is another melancholy example of how some men who can take care of their enemies must be defended from their friends.

The most recent full biography is "The History of Henry Fielding," by the versatile Wilbur L. Cross, published thirty-five years ago. Between these two works much has been corrected and discovered, notably in G. M. Godden's memoir (1910), which printed many new documents. But the greatest lack toward an intimate knowledge of Fielding's life is the absence of his personal letters. (His papers were destroyed when his brother's house was raided by a rioting mob.) When we compare the volumes of correspondence left by contemporaries like Pope or Richardson to the twenty letters, some of them impersonally official ones, which Dr. Dudden has been able to use, we see how serious a loss his biographer must reckon with. (It is symbolic, in this connection, that only one portrait of Fielding exists, a pen-and-ink sketch by Hogarth, drawn after the novelist's death.) But this latest biographer has shrewdly combined the man with his works and his times, and thus has constructed a leisurely and ample full-scale work which, even with its shortcomings—length is

(*Continued on page 41*)

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The Saturday Review

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Despair & the Artist

DURING the last half of the nineteenth century two conceptions dominated the materialistic and pragmatic philosophy of the Western world. They can be expressed in two words—security and progress. The long Victorian peace, broken briefly by the Crimean and Franco-Prussian wars, led to the illusion that the endless conflicts which had ravaged Europe since the destruction of the Roman Empire had come to an end. The parliamentary system was spreading over all Europe. The Age of Reason was somewhere securely over the horizon.

The Napoleonic wars and the revolutions of the Eighteen-forties could be forgotten. The discoveries of science and medicine, the invention of the steam engine, and the railroads advancing in every country were bringing nations together. It was only reasonable to believe that mass illiteracy, poverty, and social injustice would eventually be overcome and that under the intelligent rule of the ordained upper classes and the irresistible and benign might of the British Empire there might be a reign of peace and harmony throughout the world. These hopeful, if not halcyon, years led to an exuberant and prodigious literature such as the world had rarely seen, in which philosophers and historians, novelists and poets, in their various ways, wrote as if they were inspired by a conviction of immortality.

There were sour notes in this almost universal outpouring of praise and complacency: Nietzsche in Germany, Balzac in France, Dickens in England, and many lesser voices protesting against injustice and expressing their apprehension of the future of mankind. But those who were socially conscious, like Dickens, wrote with the assurance that if poverty, child labor, and other evils leading to human degradation could only be exposed to a wide public it would soon be cured. In England there were innumerable reformers and charitable institutions founded on the same conviction. The poets sang, "Onward and Upward," "God's in his heaven, all's right with the world."

All of this is common knowledge, but it is worth repeating since it has a bearing, not only on the anxieties and fears of our own generation, but the present state of our literature. It can be said that more people are writing well today in this country than ever before, expressing themselves more clearly, perhaps more honestly, and certainly with less of the prolixity displayed by the Victorians we may find tiresome today.

The writer now looks back on that time of certainty less than a century ago with regret, envy, and perhaps with hatred. He would not return to it if he could, for he has altered the old complacent rhymes to "God's no in his heaven,/All's wrong with th world," and he would find everythin wrong with Victorian society.

It has been said that American and Europeans are at a point of stasi artistically and spiritually, that w cannot develop any new creative ac tivity, but must drearily copy eacl other, criticize each other to the poin of no return, and must find an attitud toward life that will be acceptable t intellectuals who are in the process o controlling our style and our opinions If this is true, it is a dreary outlool for contemporary literature and fo finding any satisfaction in life. Bu the theory that we are stuck immov ably between two worlds and tw centuries is absurd in itself.

The Victorians thought they wer moving slowly forward; those amongs us who despair believe that we ar motionless, and can go nowhere ex cept backward. The Victorians wer content with what now seem to b small projects, easily realizable re forms which they were sure woul lead to an even safer and more stabl world. We may indeed envy then their sense of progress and security but the time in which we live is no like theirs. Our ultimate fears are no of personal or even national disaste but that we may not have time to ac complish a mission more urgent an more demanding than any that man kind has envisioned in the course o all history. It is no less than to sav the world and civilization and per haps mankind itself from destructio brought about by a worldwide atomi war. We know that the time is short though the period of suspense migh endure for ten or twenty years. We also know that the world must b united in some manner before we ca be safe. Our apparent stagnation an lack of artistic and creative vitality i like the breathless pause before a hur ricane, or the hour when the dar menace turns aside and we can ente a safe harbor. —H. S.

Siesta

By Eric Barker

THROUGH my warm eyelids closed against the sun
Colors as varied as the spectrum's run.
Lie still and bask and open not your eyes
Nor think of night nor anything nightwise
Yet gather dark enriched with Tyrian dyes
As children gather multitudes of flowers.
This is the somnolent siesta hour,
Noon's sultry leopard and as silent come,
Emptying the fields of everything but sleep
Under the hot persuasion of the sun.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Precedence

▸ SINCERE CONGRATULATIONS on the "Business and Ideas" issue [*SR* Jan. 24]. It esponds to a need felt by many educated ıen of affairs, as well as by theoretical adicals. It should be re-read frequently nd pondered. Leo Cherne's contribution ras brilliant. On the other hand, Courtey C. Brown's historical references reuire some corrections, as does his toonfident forecast.

The statement that "the Christian ocialists of Great Britain and Western urope preceded Karl Marx by a numer of generations" is certainly inexact. hristian Socialism in Britain never mounted to much, and it practically ied with Kingsley. Robert Owen coined ıe term Socialism and it was first used y him in a little periodical in 1827. The ictionaries adopted it years later. St. imon and Fourier in France advocated ssential Socialism without employing ıe term, but both were Utopians and isionaries. . . . As for the alleged "evoıtion past Socialism," tell it to the uropean Labor-Socialist parties, which :e planning more of the old-fashioned rpe of Socialism. Are they naive or ractical?

VICTOR S. YARROS.

La Jolla, Calif.

Test to Come

ONE NOTICEABLE feature of the symosium on business was failure of any the learned gentlemen to give attenon to our Federal debt. . . . The real st of our men and institutions will ome when war economy is behind us, ıd we become conscious of the 270 bilon dollar burden that now rests lightly ove our shoulders.

V. A. ROBERTSON,

Hollywood, Calif.

Contribution

WE THINK your January 24 issue is an ıtstanding contribution to advanced ısiness thinking. We would like to obin 100 reprints of this issue.

EVAN S. HARTER.

Sturgis, Mich.

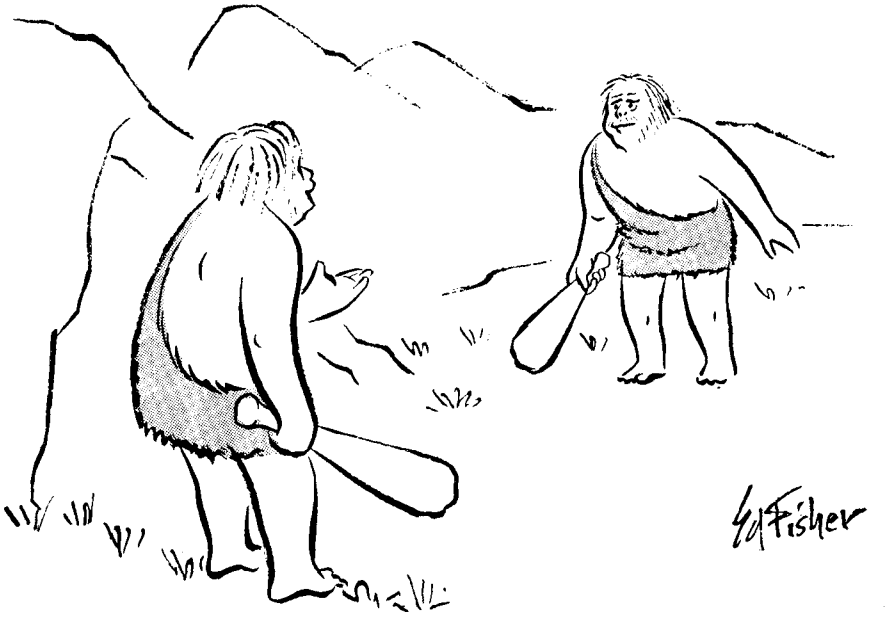
Past Socialism?

COURTNEY BROWN provides a conflictg statement blinding many people: ore people own shares in the big corprations. How does that fit with recent overnment statistics that over 90 per ent of the population have incomes uner $6000? And can we honestly transte this into a higher standard of living hich has been outdistanced proportionly by the higher cost of living?

Brown also repeats the ambiguous challenging thought" that "the United tates is not evolving toward Socialism, but past Socialism." At the risk of having the FBI Thought Control Division think the little toe of my left foot is left of the center, may I ask: If we are "not evolving toward Socialism, but past Socialism," how is that trick done without something touching something? And what in that writer's mind is past Socialism?

WILLIAM F. POTTER.

Boston, Mass.



"All right, I cut an inch off my club; you cut an inch off yours; then I cut another inch off mine; then . . ."

Shop Talk

▶ AS A FELLOW JOURNALIST I'd like to exchange some shop talk. Through such articles as Clifton Fadiman's "The Decline of Attention" [*SR* Aug. 6, 1949], editorials by Norman Cousins and Harrison Smith, no journal has argued so doggedly for more care and less passiveness in reading. For which we at *Fortune* say Amen. We also have been made unhappily aware that too many people don't really pay mind to what they read.

Since *SR* has been given the same shrift on occasions, it was with some sense of kinship that we settled down to your recent essay touching on our study of corporation wives [*SR* Jan. 3]. We recalled, with pleasure, *SR*'s previous comment on them; in a review last spring Leo Cherne found the analysis of wifely conformity "probing . . . acid" [*SR* April 5]; indeed, his chief reservation was that it was perhaps too sweeping in its criticism. Quite possibly you were going to make the same judgment; you noted our editorial on the subject, and this, as its title, "In Praise of Ornery Wives," unequivocally suggests, was heatedly against the new obeisance to The System. But you were, with us, unreservedly appalled.

Then it came. "There seemed to be no doubt in the mind of the authors," you continued, "that all was well in the domestic department of American industry if wives were regimented and apparently cheerful."

Great Scott! Having gone to a great deal of time and trouble to air the subject in the first place—and directly to an audience, it might be added, that does not find the subject academic—it is startling to find ourselves gratuitously accused of advocating precisely what we have been against. And actively so; since the wives articles we have subsequently tried to dig further into the basic phenomenon [*Fortune:* "The Social Engineers," Jan. '52; "Groupthink," Mar. '52], and at present we're poking into certain aspects of suburban life that we hope may turn up some additional illumination. Without meaning anything invidious to the essay form, I'd like to suggest that few organizations have been working so hard at original investigation into the bewildering social and economic changes we need to know more about the better to write essays.

Now, in so uncharted and formless an area the writer has an especial obligation to make himself clear—and we have erred more than we like. But the reader has an obligation, too. As you have so often pointed out, if there is to be any understanding the reader must come halfway himself. He must, in short, *read*. Particularly if he's going to write about what he reads.

WILLIAM H. WHYTE, JR.

New York, N. Y.

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Trail of the Paper Comet

FLETCHER PRATT

THE publishers of science fiction and fantasy have apparently wised up to the fact that they will get little attention from what the trade, for reasons best known to itself, has come to regard as The Season. There was a respectable run of science fiction books during the spring of 1952, swelling to something like a torrent during the summer, then the number fell off in September, was practically non-existent during the publishing business's "big months" of October and December, and picked up again only last January.

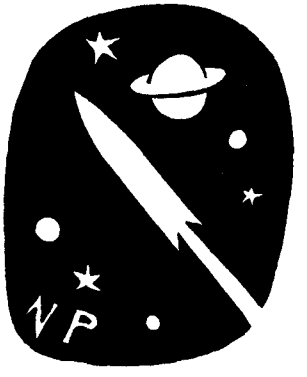
Thus it would appear that the publishers of science fiction, whether old-line or specialty houses, have decided not to be satisfied with the perfectly definite but limited market offered by "the fans." There is reason in this; as one of the fans remarked recently: "I used to be a completer (philological note: one who obtains a copy of every science-fiction book published), but now I find it hard to be a completer on even one author."

In other words, the rush is on. There were nearly twice the number of science-fiction books published in 1952 as in 1951, and expanding the market has become more or less a necessity, though my spies tell me there is still no perceptible drop on the average sales of the individual item. The story of the magazines is much the same—an increase in total numbers that amounts to the sensational, with but few signs of a saturation point being reached as yet.

This makes it the more remarkable that anthologies show definite evidence of exhaustion, if not saturation. The year began with seven anthologies within a few weeks of each other, three of them selections of the best from their magazines by the editors of *Astounding, Galaxy,* and *Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction,* generally considered the tops in the field. The end-year production was only four anthologies, one of them an annual sensibly below its previous level and another an out-size Groff Conklin omnibus, also not quite up to former standards. In Kendell Foster Crossen's **"Future Tense"** (Greenberg, $3.50) half the stories have never appeared in any magazine, and the only new anthology that really stands up well is Judith Merril's **"Beyond Human Ken"** (Random House, $2.95), and she introduces straight fantasy as well as science fiction, something the devotional purists who edited the others refuse to do. That is, it is growing increasingly more difficult to find the sleeper, the really good story no one has picked up, and as there is a trade taboo against including stories previously anthologized, this probably means it is going to be more difficult to sell anthologies.

Collections of shorts by a single author also took a drop. A. E. Van Vogt, John W. Campbell, Jr., Robert Heinlein, Lewis Padgett, Dr. David H. Keller, and C. L. Moore came out with such jobs, and now there is a new one by L. Sprague de Camp (**"The Continent Makers,"** Twayne, $2.95). The point here is that these are all top names in the science-fiction field, and as the field grows older and expands its market, its procedures tend to approach those of "straight" publishing, in which collected short stories are viewed askance.

The same tendency may be discerned by noting the not inconsiderable number of books written directly and obviously for hard-cover publication, though some of them appeared in magazines, usually in abridged form. Curme Gray's **"Murder in Millennium VI"** (Shasta, $4), Cyril Kornbluth's **"Takeoff"** (Doubleday, $2.75), Wilson Tucker's **"Long Loud Silence"** (Rinehart, $2.50), and Bernard Wolfe's **"Limbo"** (Random House, $3.50) never appeared in any magazine, and neither did my own "Blue Star" (in **"Witches Three,"** Twayne, $3.95). One can hardly blame magazine editors for turning down the Curme Gray book, but only an editor with a hole in his head would turn down the Tucker volume, one of the neatest science-fiction jobs of the year, and containing quite as much ideological material as "Limbo," which, rather inexplicably to science-fiction fans, got itself reviewed as a serious novel by most publications.



In contrast to previous years, which saw contributions from George Orwell, Charles Williams, and George Stewart, "Limbo" represents the only invasion of the science-fiction field from the literary side of the fence during the twelve-month, though whether this is a definite trend or a happenstance is uncertain. There is some chance it is the former; around the regular publishing houses there has been not a little discussion of science fiction, usually ending with the decision to have an expert assemble an anthology as a trial balloon, or the regretful conclusion that lack of knowledge of a specialized field prevents putting in a line of science fiction. Random House and Farrar, Straus & Young (with a volume yet to be published) took the anthology route. The J. C. Winston Co. plunged in with a group of five science-fiction juveniles, and Twayne has gone solidly into both science fiction and fantasy, including a new series which I consider it legitimate to mention, even though I have something to do with it. A scientist writes an introduction describing a world which differs in some essential respect from this one, and then three writers each produce a story against the background furnished. The first one is **"Petrified Planet,"** ($2.95), introduction by Dr. John D. Clark, stories by Piper, Merril, and Pratt.

ASIDE from those two new ventures, practically all science-fiction publishing was done by firms already well known in the field, either as specialists, like Gnome, Greenberg, Shasta, and Frederick Fell, or the regular houses that keep science-fiction stables, Simon & Schuster, Doubleday, and Pellegrini & Cudahy. A general inspection of the production of these houses will, I think, fairly support the theory that the over-all level of both writing and thinking has improved during the year. There were few really bad apples in the barrel, and some notable jobs, including the Tucker production previously mentioned, **"Gunner Cade"** by Cyril Judd (Simon & Schuster, $2.75), **"The Currents of Space,"** by Isaac Asimov (Doubleday, $2.75), and **"Sands of Mars,"** by Arthur C. Clarke (Gnome, $2.75).

The year was also marked by the emergence of what may be called the non-fiction of science fiction. The

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Fletcher Pratt, a pioneer and prolific author of science-fiction stories, conducts SR's OF TIME AND SPACE *column.*

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spectacularly illustrated **"Across the Space Frontier,"** edited by Cornelius Ryan (Viking, $3.95), adumbrates the setting up of the space-station that will have to be the first step in interplanetary flight, and is by six perfectly respectable scientists. The gigantic **"Index to Science Fiction Magazines"** (Perri Press, $6.50) leaves no doubt about who wrote what, when, and under what pseudonym. Toward the end of the year came **"Modern Science Fiction,"** edited by Reginald Bretnor (Coward-McCann, $3.75), a symposium on the subject, and the first volume of doctrine in an area where criticism has largely been confined to letters from fans to the editors of magazines, book reviews in those same magazines, and introductions to anthologies in which an editorial theory was stated. Incidentally, the book reviews in science-fiction magazines remain a far sounder guide than those in the daily papers, where the literary editor, faced with the problem of dealing with this phenomenon of which he knows nothing, usually turns the book over to a sports or society reporter.

It was a poor year for fantasy. Kathleen Winsor tried her hand at it with results too horrible to contemplate (**"The Lovers,"** Appleton-Century-Crofts, $3.50), and many of the stories in Dr. David H. Keller's **"Tales from Underwood"** (Pellegrini & Cudahy, $3.95) were fantasy. Aside from these there were only the above-mentioned "Witches Three" and Robert Neill's **"The Elegant Witch"** (Doubleday, $3.50), which leaves the reader to decide for himself whether it is fantasy or not.

This assuredly represents a trend, and publishers of science fiction today will tell you that they are dubious about the fantasy racket. That is, science fiction, which started as the child of fantasy, is swallowing its parent, and now it is necessary to give even pure fantasy some pseudo-scientific aspect, as in Van Vogt's **"Weapon Makers"** (Greenberg, $2.75).

But there are not lacking signs that regurgitation is in process. They come principally from the magazines, which have a quicker reaction-time than the books. Pure fantasy is creeping into some science-fiction magazines, and there is the magazine somewhat more than adequately titled *Fantastic*, which distinguished the year with a story by Mickey Spillane, complete with a woman being shot in the belly at the end, and a piece from Lait and Mortimer on "Mars Confidential." Finally, there has been the appearance of *Fantasy* under the editorship of Lester del Rey, no stranger to either that form or science fiction, wearing the inner aspect of old *Unknown*.

—By Aaron Bohrod from "The Golden Watch."

Record of a Sure Hand

THE GOLDEN WATCH. By Albert Halper. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 246 pp. $3.

By Nelson Algren

"He demanded from writers, ordinary, everyday subjects, simplicity of exposition, and the absence of virtuoso tricks," Kuprin wrote of Chekhov. "Why write that a person gets into a submarine and goes to the North Pole to seek some sort of reconciliation with humanity while at the same time the woman he loves throws herself from a belfry with a theatrical shriek? All this is untrue and does not happen in real life. One must write simply—about how Pyotr Semyonovitch got married to Mariaya Ivanovna, that's all."

Albert Halper employs neither shrieks nor submarines. He dispenses with heroes and his people are too full of natural flaws to be villainous. As nothing in life falls into neatly scissored patterns, none of these stories is tidily trimmed. "We paint life as it is," Chekhov added, "and beyond that, though you lashed us with whips, we cannot go."

Whether stalking big game between the pillars of the Lake Street El, wearing out his soles on a snowslide, marveling that his mother could once have loved a man other than his father, or having roof-top troubles with a cousin and a kite, these remembrances of a Westside Chicago boyhood are all linked by the father's personality. This stocky little storekeeper, domineering and expansive, obdurate yet kind, narrow and naive, has a conception of himself as a sage that is deferred to by his children only out of the realization that, of them all, he is least the sage and most the child. "I should have been a physician—not a grocer. It seems I have the touch." Even in those stories that do not deal directly with him, Papa makes his presence felt. For Papa never doubts himself.

Halper's humor resembles that of Saroyan's, except that it is less contrived. Halper's small folk never ham. They turn no backward somersaults to catch the reader's interest. They aren't, in fact, even conscious of the reader. The art that conceals art is in this, for the reader's interest is thereby the more closely held. Once begun, these stories are not easily put down.

The picture of the whole family strolling down Madison Street in their holiday finery, on the way to have the first family photograph taken, is memorable. And when the photograph comes back unretouched, revealing a line of idiot faces, simpering or snarling, Louis protests, "I'm *not* cross-eyed. I'm not! I'm not!"; and the mother breaks into tears while Papa tears up the picture in a rage. It doesn't occur to anyone to doubt either the photographer's equipment or his art. "There was

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only the monstrous evidence of the camera's click."

It is something of this same innocence which serves Halper's craft so well. In it lies the living humor, the unpretentiousness and the unaffected warmth of Chekhov, while lacking only Chekhov's edge of iron.

I suppose that they still fly kites from the Westside roof-tops each spring. I suppose that the family still dresses up to see the photographer for the first time. That there is still a day when the first breach is made in the family's tribal sense of belonging only to one another, a day when diplomas are handed out and a day to go into the world. But so gently are these stories told, so softly illuminated, that it is hard to realize all this happened only yesterday. It seems another land.

Aaron Bohrod's illustrations afford humor and warmth to a warm and humorous volume. Never has the theme of "Jews Without Money," attempted so often and as often mishandled—when not downright mangled—been handled with greater artistry.

Call of the Mild

A PATHWAY TO HEAVEN. By Henry Bordeaux. Translated by Antonia White. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy. 240 *pp.* $3.

By Laurence LeSage

AMERICANS have a warm place in their hearts for stories of genial priests who combine with love of heaven a generous love of humanity and the world about them. Witness the popular film characterizations and the almost as popular books of the monk Thomas Merton. Eager to cater to our taste, publishers have recently selected two French works dealing with humble wearers of the cloth: Henri Queffelec's "Island Priest" and now Henry Bordeaux's "A Pathway to Heaven." One often wonders what factors determine the selection of foreign works for translation. Certainly neither of these is a headliner in France. Nor for all her position as "eldest daughter of the Church" is France particularly given to clerical studies in fiction. Since neither the best nor the most representative can be factors in these choices, we must assume public taste is alone responsible.

I do not mean that "A Pathway to Heaven" is without merit. The story of a rural priest who finds his love of painting interferes distressingly with his parish duties and involves him in all sorts of scrapes is charmingly told. Father Merval turns the rectory into a menagerie and a refuge for drunks and unwed mothers. He paints when he should be preaching. He becomes the rage of Paris and is hailed as the first primitive of our times. Yet he is a priest, *sacerdos in aeternum,* and although he, like Our Lady's Juggler, worships God in his own fashion, his piety is of the finest sort, powerful enough to inspire the supreme sacrifice we discover in the final pages. The hilarity of some of the episodes does not conceal Bordeaux's lesson of tolerant humanity nor compromise the fundamental spiritual values implicit in his story.

Readers interested in situating the author in the French literary picture will gain little but misinformation from the jacket flaps. "Henry Bordeaux has been widely accepted in France but little known here. Born in 1919, etc." Not 1919, but 1870 is the date usually given for Bordeaux's birth. He has probably been better known in America than the publishers suggest, for at least seventeen of his works have appeared in English. However, nothing except the present novel during the last twelve years. If Bordeaux has been widely accepted in France, he has been just as widely rejected—"rejected by everyone under fifty" says a recent manual of literature. For Frenchmen with advance-guard leanings, Bordeaux symbolizes outmoded esthetic and social ideas. He belongs to a bygone generation that produced idealistic and moralizing novels for the delectation of the high bourgeoisie and preached an arch-conservative social program based upon church, home, and fatherland.

"A Pathway to Heaven" is such pleasant reading that we are seldom bothered by Bordeaux's propagandizing. Only once does it become objectionable. That is where he interrupts his narrative to denounce bureaucratic impersonality in the tax-collecting offices of the Republic. Apparently Bordeaux looks with nostalgia back to the Bourbons as tax collectors with the personal touch!

Let us not be too severe on M. Bordeaux. Balzac himself marred his works by reactionary preaching. Bordeaux, although no Balzac, has an en-

(*Continued on page* 56)

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC

Attitudes toward music often give a clue to character and situation in Shakespearean drama. Nan Carpenter of Missoula, Montana, requests the identification of twelve men and women from Shakespeare's plays on the basis of their lines about music. Seven correct answers are good, nine excellent, and ten or better more or less miraculous. Answers on page 63.

1. The isle is full of noises,
   Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not.
2. Give me some music—music, moody food
   Of us that trade in love.
3. Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
   Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
   Fading in music.
4. I have a reasonable good ear in music.
   Let's have the tongs and the bones.
5. What music will be in him when Hector has.....
   knocked out his brains I know not, but I am sure none.....
   unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.
6. I can suck melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs.
7. If music be the food of love, play on. . . .
   That strain again! It had a dying fall.
8. She had a song of "willow". . . .
   And she died singing it. That song tonight
   Will not go from my mind.
9. The man that hath no music in himself,
   Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
   Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.
10. I had rather be a kitten and cry mew
    Than one of these same balladmongers.
11. How sour sweet music is
    When time is broke and no proportion kept!
    So it is in the music of men's lives.
12. Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret
    me, you cannot play upon me.

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The Fine Arts. James Thrall Soby's column, which normally appears in the first issue of each month, is being postponed so that he may contribute to a special feature planned for next week. He will cover the fine arts in a symposium that will consider new talent come to the fore since World War II in all the creative fields that are *SR*'s special concern, including fiction, belles-lettres, poetry, history, music, theatre, and movies. In the meantime we publish here reviews of half a dozen recently published books, scholarly works on the arts of Spain, Italy, Japan, China, Tibet, and Africa. Like so many of the art books being published these days, most of them are lavishly illustrated. The Skira volumes, reviewed on page 30, are especially notable for their bright (perhaps too bright) reproductions of great paintings in full, brilliant color.

Bitterness & Strength

GOYA'S CAPRICHOS. By José López-Rey. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. Two vols. $12.50.

By Harry B. Wehle

WHEN, about 1775, Francisco Goya came to Madrid at the age of twenty-nine from his native Aragon, it was to work on designs for the royal tapestry factory. The popular Spanish subject matter of these tapestries must have given him an impetus toward the provocative series of eighty prints, the "Caprichos," which were, however, not published until 1799, when the artist was fifty-three. It was the Caprichos which first carried Goya's reputation beyond the Pyrenees. To this day, indeed, the Caprichos are the first opus by him that people are apt to think of when Goya's art is mentioned. For who having looked at these pictures would forget the impression made by their emphatic and often mystifying comment on human behavior and their harsh visualization of the human mind and imagination at its oddest?

Dr. José López-Rey, adjunct professor at New York University's Institute of Fine Arts, is rendering his readers—and they should be numerous—a profound satisfaction by producing the present authoritative book on the Caprichos, about which heretofore almost all the serious studies have been written in Spanish or German.

This scholarly study of what is probably the most vital of all Goya's productions is far from heavy in its format. Indeed, it is presented in an exceptionally appetizing form. It consists of two volumes, attractive in typography and convenient in size, one being devoted to the text, the other to plates, the plates being about one-fifth smaller than the master's originals.

The book is lucid in its procedure and thorough in its presentation of the significant material. At the back of the text are found, in both Spanish and English, the terse remarks which Goya wrote on his preparatory drawings and also, in full, the artist's controversial commentaries on the prints. The index is excellent. The two hundred and sixty-five full-page plates in Volume II reproduce, from fine impressions, the eighty prints composing the series of Caprichos, and, moreover, the preliminary drawings. Included also are all of the extant drawings from the two so-called Sanlúcar sketchbooks, which breathe a spirit akin to some of the Caprichos and in a few cases were actual first sketches for the etched and aquatinted plates.

As to the Sanlúcar drawings, Dr. López-Rey accepts only the twelve drawings from the small notebook as probably having been made at Sanlúcar de Barrameda, during the visit there of Goya with the Duchess of Alba. (On the very first page of his work Dr. López-Rey disposes quietly—and correctly—of the question of the identity of the Duchess of Alba with the "Maja Desnuda" and the "Maja Vestida," as seen in the famous paintings at the Prado—an identity which has for generations proved indispensable for Goya fictionists in Spain as well as in America.) There is firm insistence that all of the larger sketchbook was drawn later in Madrid. Even the idyllic sheets done earliest according to Goya's pagination the author believes to have been drawn in Madrid after Goya's return from Andalusia. In this he parts company with most Goya specialists, basing his stand on a statement made in 1860 by Carderera, the great collector of Goya drawings. But Carderera should not be thought of as infallible, for it was he who stated that the Sanlúcar drawings, actually made when Goya was over fifty, were his earliest work.

To this reviewer it seems that the two important matters in which the author departs from earlier scholarship—his emphasis on Goya's philosophical rationalism and his dependence on the explanations in the Commentaries—have resulted in a clear misinterpretation of some of the prints and a tinge of wrongness in a good many others.

One of the great delights of the book, however, is that it puts most of the pertinent evidence within easy reach of the reader, giving him the satisfaction of arriving at his own conclusions. Also, on the favorable side, mention should be made of a number of fresh interpretations which Dr. López-Rey, with his enormous knowledge of Spanish literature and folkways, has been able to throw on certain puzzling plates and drawings, such as the drawings "Girl at a Well" and "They are Dividing the Old Woman." On the whole, this is a civilized and highly informative book, affording enjoyable reading.

—*Culver.*

Goya—"mystifying comment."

Harry B. Wehle is Research Curator of Paintings at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

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—From "Spanish Painting from Velasquez to Picasso."

Detail of a hand, by El Greco—"the inner core of reality."

Palettes of the Mediterranean

SPANISH PAINTING FROM VELAZQUEZ TO PICASSO. By Jacques Lassaigne. Translated by Stuart Gilbert. New York: Skira, Inc. 70 color reproductions. $17.50.

ITALIAN PAINTING FROM CARAVAGGIO TO MODIGLIANI. By Lionello Venturi and Rosabianca Skira-Venturi. Translated by Stuart Gilbert. 80 color reproductions. New York: Skira, Inc. $17.50.

By Ralph Wickiser

ALBERT SKIRA'S latest offerings in his distinguished series on painting, color, and history are a mixed pair. "Spanish Painting from Velazquez to Picasso" is an outstanding volume; its admirable text by Jacques Lassaigne could stand alone. The same is not true of "Italian Painting from Caravaggio to Modigliani," which is written in acceptable historical style, the comprehension of art ideas depending upon fine color reproductions.

Lassaigne writes with a perceptive eye, a keen insight into the esthetic problems of the artist, and a depth of compassion for man the artist. Art history designed to be read for pleasure and knowledge, an objective of this series, requires a peculiar combination of scholarship and creative writing. The latter quality is often lacking in historical studies, where a scrupulous devotion to logical consequences often supersedes the dramatic unfolding of man's esthetic life as it concretizes in the artist's work.

The theme of Lassaigne's treatment of Spanish painting is that the better Spanish painters have the ability to portray the essence, the inner core of reality, with simplicity and directness born of a free spirit. In discussing El Greco and his age he sternly defines those human and esthetic qualities indigenous to all great works of art. With this concept as a yardstick he measures the artistic worth of El Greco, Ribera, Zurbaran, Velazquez, Goya, and lesser figures. We are thus led to reconsider Velazquez as something more than an amazing "eye" photographically recording details of life. He documents the esthetic concerns of Velazquez, his sources, influences, and the artistic vision into which he fitted all the forms of life itself without distinction, thus creating a style to meet the esthetic needs of the period.

With Goya Lassaigne uses the man to reveal the secrets of Spanish life and painting. Goya is the enigma of art, the painter of vivid contrasts, the winsome child, the "disasters," the "caprices," and the "absurdities" of the world. Rarely has one man combined such profound psychological insights into the life about him and with the artistic capacity to express them.

The traits we label nationalistic are strong in Spanish painting. When national art barriers are broken down and an international style is created, it is led by Picasso, who creates the style yet remains Spanish. Lassaigne promises to show the debt this new style owes to Spanish painting. Unfortunately, however, his essays on Picasso, Gris, Miro, and Dali are short and in the main biographical. The trenchant mind that delineates the Spanish artistic heritage limits its pearls to Goya and his predecessors.

The sources of the art of today, as the volume by Venturi and Skira-Venturi reminds us, are deeply rooted in the history of Italian painting. It was the seventeenth century that broke drastically with the classical religious painting of the Renaissance. The trend towards individualism and its emphasis on the visual aspects of reality were given added impetus by Caravaggio, whose dramatic lighting effects anticipate photography and the theatre. From Caravaggio on, Italian painting lost its inner vitality and gradually disseminated itself among individualists experimenting with personal styles and mannerisms. The Italian influence continued as young artists were attracted to that land to study classical antiquity, Raphael, and Caravaggio.

The luster of such Italian names as Guido Reni, Tiepolo, Canaletto, Guardi, and Toma has been dimmed by the new concepts of painting in modern art. It seems to me the prerogative of each era to reevaluate history in terms of its beliefs and prejudices. Historians are not usually imbued with the revolutionary ideals of their own time. Their interest lies in making whole cloth of past events. They have a faculty of making insignificant talents seem important to the story of art. In this sense painters such as Strozzi, Preti, Cortona, Longhi, Bellotto, and others assume importance in the history of Italian art. But the Venturi-Skira-Venturi volume makes no attempt to represent a historical period in art. The authors chose it because they believed it is the period of gestation of modern ideas. Thus in the works

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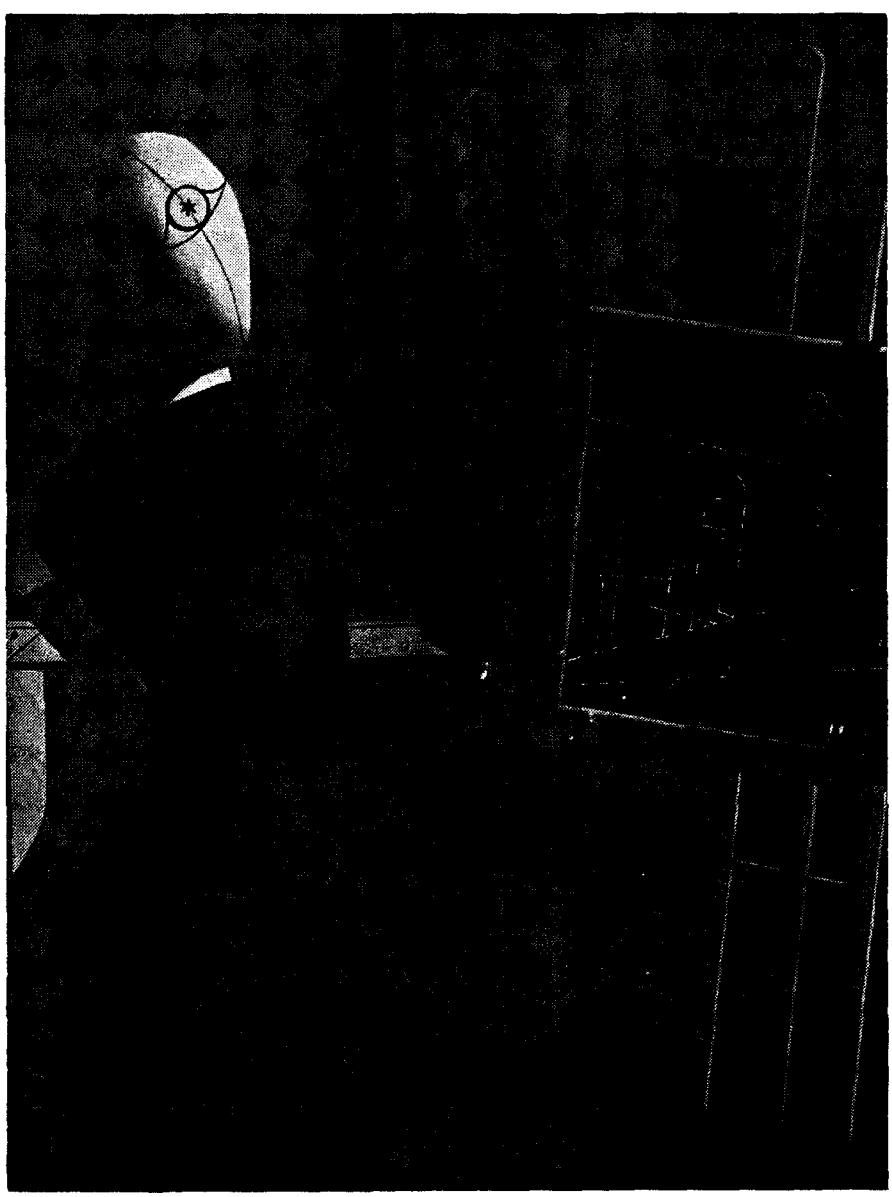
of Feti one anticipates Courbet; Caracci, Guido Reni, and others lead to Paussin, David, Ingres, while the free play of fancy so characteristic of modern painting emerges early in the realistic, naturalistic side of classicism.

In the late eighteenth century a provincial group of painters dubbed the "Macchiaioli," because they painted with patches of color, gave new vigor to Italian art. There is a curious feeling of modernity in the paintings of Fattori, Abbati, and Serensi done before impressionism. This vitality sets the stage for the revitalization of Italian art beginning with the futurist painters. Through the impetus of Boccini, Carra, Balla, and Severini a new concept, "dynamism," was added to the modern movement. They were gifted men, fanatically nationalistic, wise to the intrigues and the mania for publicity of the art world. Being intellectuals they appealed to younger artists longing for leadership. Lionel Venturi's essay on futurism is written with conviction of its significance to Italian art, even though it is guarded in its enthusiasm for radical ideas and exceptionally impatient artists.

With Chirico's early paintings the beginnings of metaphysical painting emerge and the book ends on Modigliani's tragic life as a happy synthesis between Renaissance painting and Negro sculpture.

Lionello Venturi's critical essays precede historical texts written by his daughter, Rosabianca Skira-Venturi. The essays would hold more significance for the reader if they followed the historical texts. Needless repetition resulting from this arrangement makes the essays seem superfluous.



—*From "Italian Paintings from Caravaggio to Modigliani."*

A Chirico—"the beginnings of metaphysical painting."

Chip of Asia

THE ENDURING ART OF JAPAN. By Langdon Warner. Cambridge Mass.: Harvard University Press. 91 *pp.* $6.50.

By Jane Gaston Mahler

ON opening this book and reading the preface, the reader will discover that he is about to go on a delightful journey with an incomparable guide. After years spent in travel and sympathetic study in the Orient, Langdon Warner has here set down his impressions, his analyses, and his illuminating comments about Japanese art.

He describes with gusto the sights, sounds, and smells of that country; and, of course, the manifold arts, ranging from a pair of peasant shoes to the majesty of some of the world's greatest painting and sculpture. Mr. Warner has chosen objects that seem worthy to be singled out because they express the Japanese genius and because they are of high artistic merit. We may have confidence in him as a critical art historian who speaks with authority, one who has examined these things many times in many different lights.

He presents them as they might have been created in their own times, as parts of the whole scene, threads of a rich fabric laid before the reader by a man of sensitive perception and imagination, who knows Japanese history as well as the details of Japanese art.

Earlier books dealt with many of the technical processes of creation, of bronze casting, wood carving, and modeling in clay and lacquer. This new volume explains them again with so much clarity and enthusiasm that you feel that you are standing beside the carpenters and pigment grinders as their work progresses. Mr. Warner speaks, too, of the spirit that motivated the artisans and artists of days gone by. His chapter on Shinto and the part that it has played in Japanese artistic production is one of the great contributions of the book, for it helps one to understand the attitude of the artist toward his materials—and the Japanese have respected the natural beauty of wood, clay, and stone as have few other people in the world. His description of Unkei of the Kamakura period, as he might have gone about carving a masterpiece in the thirteenth century, is another

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high point to be enjoyed by the reader.

There is more than sheer enjoyment in this book for us, and more than a sense of nostalgia for the past. If we of the twentieth century would apply some of the ideas presented here, if we could capture something of the spirit of these people in our daily tasks and in our leisure hobbies, we would find deep satisfactions often lacking in our machine-age malaise.

Mr. Warner is equally persuasive in telling about the charms of painting in different eras and different styles. His words, together with the photographs, allow us to see solemn religious images, rollicking narratives, and delicate illuminations of poetic fancy. He recalls, too, the practice of tea ceremony, the art of landscape gardening, the subtle monochrome paintings of mountains and rivers—all of these last so deeply influenced by Zen philosophy, which is dealt with in another splendid chapter.

Only a man well versed in his subject could have presented all of this so clearly, so simply, and so well within the limits of a small book. Thanks to his perception and taste, both text and illustrations are of a high artistic order and compelling beauty. Beginner and specialist alike will cherish this volume, and all who read will be a step nearer to a true understanding of the Japanese people in a realm in which they excel, the realm of the creative arts.

Core of the Heartland

TIBETAN RELIGIOUS ART. By Antoinette K. Gordon. New York: Columbia University Press. 104 *pp.* $10.

By Benjamin Rowland, Jr.

A *MANDALA* is a magic circle or square. This definition begins the account of one of the most interesting concepts of Tibetan art offered in Antoinette K. Gordon's "Tibetan Religious Art." She goes on to say that the *mandala* is the dwelling-place of a deity and that the lamas attempt to derive powers from this deity by identification with him through the performance of prescribed ritual. The *mandala* is much more than that. It is a sacred citadel that has the aim of drawing the maker or beholder into its charmed center. Such diagrams, which the devotee penetrates to reach the secret heart of reality, are a device that seemingly by a kind of persistence of a universal subconscious has emerged from the cultures of many peoples and climes: the labyrinth of Minos, the polished backs of Chinese mirrors, and the painted banners of esoteric Buddhist ritual in Japan are all *mandalas*. For Dr. Jung the *mandala* is an art form often evolved by madmen in their struggles through the dark corridors of the mind as a satisfaction for some inexplicable psychic longing. In all of these manifestations the longing is for union and revelation in the final essence of godhead set in the ineffable light of the innermost point: the heart of Dante's rose, the apex of the monument of Barabudur in Java.

The *mandala* and its ritual are only one factor in Tibetan art that is briefly explained in Mrs. Gordon's book. The word "briefly" is used advisedly since neither under this heading nor under any other is there more than a straightforward, succinct definition of the paraphernalia of ritual and their function, without any consideration of their great interest in a universal sense. Perhaps it is too much to expect anything more than this, because the amount and variety of Tibetan art from the point of view of material and use are so enormous that in a book of these dimensions it was impossible to do more than enumerate and describe briefly a great many iconographical forms and types of painting, sculpture, and metalwork.

In other words, what Mrs. Gordon is really providing here is one more introduction to a catalogue of Tibetan art forms, a book which of course performs the usual service of giving the general reader, that seemingly inexhaustible browser, a taste of an exotic culture and some suggestion of its esthetic value and implications. As the dust-cover proclaims, "This book is for the layman." Although it provides a useful libretto of the life of Buddha and the *dramatis personae* of the Buddhist pantheon, together with descriptions of the techniques of Tibetan art, this is nothing particularly new nor any more of a contribution to scholarship than the already numerous introductions to Tibetan art such as the admirable catalogues in the Newark Museum, already available to Western readers. The phonetic spelling of Sanskrit and Tibetan terms and the sedulous omission of diacritical marks militate against the usefulness of the book as a reference work for advanced students.

The reviewer does not wish to be querulous in suggesting that we happy few, locked in our ivory towers, starving for the advancement of scholarship in Oriental art, demand only the most recondite fare. Books of this sort do have a certain value even for specialists in presenting a con-

(*Continued on page* 53)

—*From "The Enduring Art of Japan."*

A scowling deity—"true understanding of the Japanese people."

Benjamin Rowland, Jr., member of the fine arts department of Harvard University, has written "Outline and Bibliographies of Oriental Art."

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Broadway Postscript

"PICNIC" & MORE FUN

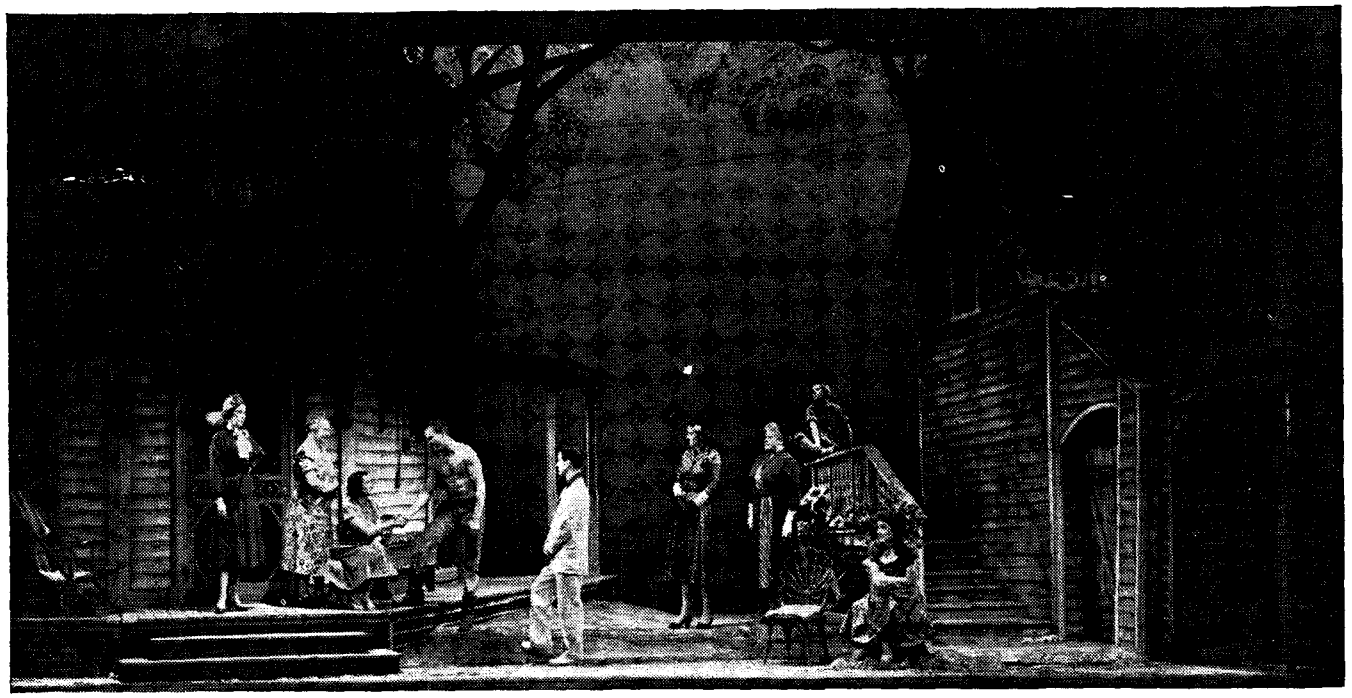
WILLIAM INGE, author of "Come Back, Little Sheba," has in his second Broadway effort turned out a play that is less grim and more panoramic. Like its predecessor, "Picnic" celebrates the courage with which his characters accept the mistakes they must substitute for life as they had planned it. In it, too, is the same true characterization which makes each person in the story an essence with whom spectators will identify themselves. "There but for the grace of God go I" was what thousands felt when they saw Shirley Booth as Lola and Sidney Blackmer as Doc. There should be an even larger audience for "Picnic," because Mr. Inge has stocked his play with a wider sampling of victims: Madge, the pretty but not-very-bright eighteen-year-old daughter who works in the small Kansas town's five-and-dime; Millie, her ungainly but more cerebral younger sister; their mother, Flo, who pins all her hopes on the possibility of her daughter marrying the playboy-son of the town's richest man; Helen Potts, a neighbor whose life has been spent caring for her invalid mother; Rosemary, a schoolteacher who is a little wild, but who has reached the age when she must find a husband or become unrespectable; Howard Bevans, the weak, vulgar, but friendly middle-aged bachelor who lives by habit and circumstance; and Hal Carter, a hot-shot athlete turned tramp by a world that put him in reform school at the age of fourteen.

This is a long list of protagonists for a play, and we haven't time to probe as deep into their personalities as we did with Lola and Doc. Yet the playwright manages to have each undergo some change and some temporary realization of his or her pathetic situation, and we know just enough about them to be able to fill in the blank spaces with the real life facts we know about friends who resemble Mr. Inge's universal characters.

Since the play is descriptive rather than being out to prove a point, its richness consists of its truth, its atmosphere, and its humor. And for these qualities Mr. Inge is heavily indebted to his actors, his scene-designer, and his director. The cast has been skilfully chosen. Kim Stanley, who two years ago charmed everyone with her lush beauty in "The House of Bernarda Alba," proves herself a genuine stage artist with her half-funny, half-sad portrait of the "goon-faced" Millie, in which she gives the impression of awkwardness without really being awkward. Eileen Heckart's performance as the schoolteacher makes her two big scenes the most memorable of the play. She is ably matched by Arthur O'Connell, who plays the middle-aged boy friend with warm humanity and gentle humor. Ralph Meeker as Hal Carter is strongly effective in the rougher scenes where he is dancing, making love, and bragging about his exploits, and is yet believable in an occasional reflective moment. Janice Rule as the pretty sister brings a permanent musical-comedy smile to almost every situation, which is sometimes all right, and she makes up for the times when it is not by being most real and unrestrained in her scenes with Hal. Peggy Conklin, as the anxious mother who sees herself unable to prevent her daughter's life from going the way of her own, makes her underwritten part count. Ruth McDevitt subdues her natural comic style to give her part more dimension. Reta Shaw and Elizabeth Wilson add some undisguised comic relief with their stints as two schoolteachers who have made the adjustment to spinsterhood.

Jo Mielziner's set works beautifully for the play's varied action as well as giving the feeling of the lower middle-class shabbiness of the play's locale. For some reason, the light in the railroad depot in the background is kept on during the entire three acts and tends to be disturbing.

But the real hero, or villain, of "Picnic" is its director, Joshua Logan. Each sequence in the play is a conscious demonstration of his handiwork. A great deal of this handiwork is superb, particularly the passionate love scenes, which are accomplished with all-out violence, but with no audience embarrassment. Also, the



The set and characters of "Picnic"—"each person an essence with whom spectators will identify themselves."

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R & H

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"A LOVELY PLAY...A DARLIN' PLAY" —BROOKS ATKINSON, N. Y. Times
SHIRLEY BOOTH
in
"The Time of the Cuckoo"
by ARTHUR LAURENTS

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second act curtain, which was changed from having Hal say to Madge, "We're not going on any goddam picnic, baby," to a beautiful and tender bit of pantomime with Hal stretching his arm out to her silently and leading her off—a directorial gem. Some of Mr. Logan's stunts are, however, overdone hokum, like the diving illustration that he has invented for Hal. Some of it is good hokum, such as having Madge speak from under a cap pulled over her face. But all of it pieced together results in a kind of smooth theatricality that compensates in entertainment for whatever it has lost in strict artistic wholeness.

In so doing, this production of "Picnic" lives up to its name. It has something for everybody, adds magic and excitement to a routine season, and will be enjoyed by all but the most prudish.

THE period between 1906, when Shaw was fresh from having completed "Man and Superman," "Major Barbara," and "The Doctor's Dilemma," and 1912, when he rose again to write "Androcles and the Lion" and "Pygmalion," is not a particularly distinguished part of the playwright's career. An established Shaw was writing to suit himself and his plays tended to be talky. "Misalliance," which appeared in 1910, certainly has too much talk and too little suspense, but as revived at the City Center (and now moved to a regular Broadway house) it proves a delightful acting piece filled with Shavian explosions.

The theme of the play is parents and children, who, having no freedom of choice in the matter, are, Shaw claims, almost always unsuited to each other. This sort of misalliance strikes him as far more disastrous than a marriage to a person of inferior social position—the usual meaning of the term *mésalliance*. As usual, he demonstrates his point in dozens of ways. For instance, Mr. Tarleton, who has gone from rags to riches selling underwear, at his daughter's request buys her a handsome upper-class husband. This gentleman—who would challenge you to a duel if you so much as hinted that there was anything in this to reflect dishonor on a lady—accepts the offer unashamedly with the remark that he would probably be as happy with Hypatia as with any of a number of girls he might select. So much for the importance of making the right marriage. Also Shaw has four men fall in love with a beautiful and athletic Polish woman whose idea of relaxation is to juggle six billiard balls while reading a copy of the Bible placed on a music stand in front of her. This "unwomanly woman" turns them all down with some disparaging remarks about love. Instead she adopts a badly brought-up young man in a parent-child relationship. So Shaw seems not only to be minimizing romantic love, but also to be saying that the ideal thing is to allow children to select their own parents.

But these and the other Shavian notions in "Misalliance" are for thinking about after seeing the play. While you are there, Shaw holds you with his keen sense of the art of keeping an audience amused. An example of his adroitness is the way he handles the speeches of Tarleton. He has given him the habit of ending every statement with "—read Darwin, —read Shelley, —read Walt Whitman," etc., but just when this device is about to become tiresome, he makes another statement and follows it with "—read ——. Why I don't think *anybody* has written about that."

Tarleton is played by Barry Jones, an actor with a similarly keen sense of just how far he can go to amuse without becoming monotonous. As the man who expresses his desire for an extramarital romance (despite a sincere affection for a wife he calls "Chickabiddy") with "I have a superabundance of vitality—read Samuel Pepys," he gives the most superabundantly vital performance of the

Tree-Sleeping

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

WHEN I was small and trees were high,
I loved to sleep out nights by the sea,
A spruce that held up half the sky
Had boughs like beds where I could lie,
So thick the twigs I could not slide
Through to earth, and at my side
The evening star lay close by me.

The night came over the ocean slow,
A wind came up from nowhere there,
I felt my tree go to and fro
Until my bed was wholly air,
I lay on music grave and deep,
Moved on oceans of holy sleep
With great stars tangled in my hair.

A sea-bird on a snowy wing
Came down with treble cries,
Alighted on my bed, this thing
Woke me with wide surprise,
Flew off with golden talons curled,
And there on the blue edge of the world
The young sun looked me in the eyes.

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year. Roddy McDowall overcomes the handicap of having once been a child-actor with an intelligent and energetic portrayal of the spoiled son. Billy Redfield as Tarleton's conceited offspring is sublimely oblivious to the very funny things he does; and it is his best role to date. Tamara Geva, Richard Kiley, and Dorothy Sands also have their memorable moments, particularly Miss Sands; she claims that the aristocracy's manners are worse than those of the middle-class, because the former feel free to converse about such unspeakable subjects as "the drains" and a person's "insides."

Cyril Ritchard, so uproarious in "The Millionairess" earlier this season, has passed some of his comic skill to the actors of this production in his capacity as director. John Boyt's garish set gloriously satirizes the nouveau-riche household of the period.

The combined result is a treat that any Shaw aficionado will find indispensable. Ordinary theatre-goers, if they are willing to bear with the frequent discursiveness of the action, should find it a sunny and original comedy.

SR Goes to the Movies

ONE HIT, TWO MISSES

—*From "Lili."*

Leslie Caron and friend: "how neatly the saccharine has been avoided."

THOSE of us who have been complaining that musical-comedy adaptations do not follow the original play closely enough have had our comeuppance. "Maggie" sticks so closely to Sir James Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows" that it very often treads on its heels.

Actually, "Maggie" is a play with incidental songs rather than a musical comedy. Its adapter, Hugh Thomas, and its composer, William Roy, have been most careful to insert musical numbers only at points where the play's plot can be conveniently interrupted. The play opens with a ten-minute scene of talk and action which is not perceptibly different from a straight dramatic performance. When the music finally does arrive it is sensibly logical, but disappointingly dispassionate.

Although the score is not exciting, the authors still have a cracker-jack comedy script whose quality they have not disturbed. They also have an extremely competent leading lady in Betty Paul, a disciplined British import. She is supported with credulity by Keith Andes, Odette Myrtil, and Celia Lipton.

Raoul Pène du Bois' sets are also an asset, although they are not always stylish enough. Michael Gordon's direction is strictly for the play, and too few of the songs are performed close to the footlights, where they might have been more effective.

—HENRY HEWES.

ALTHOUGH M-G-M quite properly lays claim to producing the biggest musicals, it isn't often that they come up with one as simple and charming as "Lili." The emphasis is usually on size—lavish sets, dozens of dancing girls swirling to a hundred-piece supersymphonic orchestra. In "Lili" the emphasis is rather on fantasy, on sentiment. Its colorful sets are no larger than need be to encompass the action, while even the biggest ballet in the film has no more than five dancers who pirouette against equally modest orchestrations of Bronislau Kaper's tuneful score. The whole is something quite rare in musicals, a gay, imaginative, and heartwarming excursion into pure and unaffected emotion. Since it all starts off from a Paul Gallico story, one knows pretty much what to expect. The wonder is how neatly the saccharine and the insincere have been avoided.

Lili is another of Gallico's loveless waifs, alone in a busy world. Her wanderings take her to a French traveling carnival where she promptly falls in love with a glamorous magician. Rejected, she is ready to attempt suicide when the puppets from one of the sideshows call to her. Lili talks to them, accepts them as friends, and she is taken into the act. She comes to love the puppets, pouring out her heart to them. But the puppeteer himself is a cold and forbidding man who frightens the girl, a crippled dancer who hides away behind his masks. Not until the very end does Lili realize that the puppets and the puppeteer are one and the same.

Director Charles Walters has handled all of this quietly, without tugging too hard at the heart-strings, sensing that the full effectiveness of his tender story lies in understatement. In this he is ably assisted by Helen Deutsch's perceptive writing, a script filled with shades and shadows rather than the stark blacks and whites of musical-comedy tradition. She also provides a skilful integration for the several dance fantasies and songs that dot the story, allowing them to grow out of and lead back to the narrative easily and naturally. But Walters is perhaps most indebted to his actors for their sensitive and appealing projection of roles that might easily have gotten out of hand. Leslie Caron, ideally cast as the awkward gamin, moves stiffly throughout, revealing an inner grace in her gentle colloquies with the puppets—and her natural dancer's grace only in her dreamed dance-pantomimes. Mel Ferrer, the crippled puppet master, has an even more demanding role, with lines that

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require a rare sincerity to make believable. He lends that sincerity, plus a precision of gesture and movement in his final dance with Miss Caron that is as impressive as it is unexpected. But it is Jean Pierre Aumont as the sideshow magician who best typifies the entire approach to "Lili." A chaser, even a seducer, he is also kindly, charming, and amused with life as he finds it. Certainly, not a conventional villain.

Well, neither is "Lili" a conventional musical. It has taste, imagination, and a delicate sweetness of spirit. As if in recognition of that special quality, the picture is to play first in one of New York's small East Side art houses. What happens to it there determines M-G-M's distribution policy for the rest of the country. It will be interesting to see whether simplicity and charm are virtues enough for a successful musical production.

* * *

For those who may be wondering what the war in Korea looks like, "Battle Circus" (M-G-M) is not likely to provide much help. There are a few "up front" glimpses, probably borrowed from the Army's Signal Corps, and an instructional demonstration of tent pitching for a field hospital, but most of the footage is given over to Humphrey Bogart, a Medical Major, in hot-eyed pursuit of Army Nurse June Allyson. Stationed together in a hospital unit well within the range of enemy guns, they do manage occasionally to drag themselves away from dances at the Officers' Club and operate on wounded G.I.'s or Koreans—in the interest of local color, if nothing else. ("Those Korean refugees are getting to be quite a problem," Nurse Allyson observes pettishly one evening.) Written and directed by Richard Brooks, "Battle Circus" fumbles along pretty much at random, building to a smash anti-climax that is identifiable only by the swelling theme music as Bogart routes his hospital trucks into a new location.

Though almost all of this has been supervised by a Lt. Col. K. E. Van Buskirk, and is presumably a fairly accurate account of combat in Korea today, as an ex-infantryman from World War II I can only say that I was far more worried by the total lack of blackout security than by anything else that happened in the entire picture.

* * *

The British take another gander at World War II in "Glory at Sea" (Souvaine) but, finding nothing new to say about it, seem quite willing to repeat at length what had already been stated more dramatically (and with infinitely more pertinence) in Noel Coward's memorable wartime movie "In Which We Serve." Once again we meet the gallant Royal Navy Commander and his motley crew, brought together from all walks of life to serve upon the ill-fated H.M.S. *Ballantrae*. Indeed, so ill-fated is the *Ballantrae* that there are times when the entire picture threatens to slip over into comedy—like our own "S.S. *Teakettle*." But Trevor Howard is just too downright earnest, his boys too downright noble to let that happen. Yet even in their earnestness, the slip still shows from time to time. "You know, dad," says Howard's sixteen-year-old son at one point, "the sea is like a woman—you love her and hate her at the same time." After an interminable shake-down period, prolonged by the inevitable vignettes of the ship's company at work and play, "Glory at Sea" finally moves on to a *papier-maché* reproduction of the commando raid on St. Nazaire in March 1942. Fortunately, the *Ballantrae* was lost in that operation or we might all be aboard it still.

—Arthur Knight.

SR Recommends

Lili: Reviewed in this issue.

Justice Is Done: A French courtroom drama which poses a haunting human problem. (*SR* Feb. 28.)

The Story of Mandy: Mandy is a seven-year-old deaf mute whose story is told in this sympathetic and adult British film. (*SR* Feb. 28.)

I Confess: Alfred Hitchcock conducts a victimized priest through numerous suspenseful tribulations in this thriller. (*SR* Feb. 21.)

My Cousin Rachel: Olivia de Havilland in a photoplay of Daphne du Maurier's melodrama. (*SR* Jan. 17.)

Little World of Don Camillo: Don Camillo, the priest, and Peppone, the Communist mayor, wrestle for the soul of an Italian village in this comedy-satire based on Giovanni Guareschi's novel. (*SR* Jan. 17.)

The Member of the Wedding: Julie Harris, Ethel Waters, and Brandon de Wilde collaborate in an accurate screen translation of the Carson McCullers play. (*SR* Jan. 10.)

The Bad and the Beautiful: Hollywood looks at itself in a film notable for first-rate acting, particularly by Lana Turner. (*SR* Jan. 3.)

Come Back, Little Sheba: Shirley Booth's magnificent Hollywood debut as the slovenly, adolescent-minded housewife of William Inge's moving play. (*SR* Dec. 27.)

Face to Face: Joseph Conrad, Stephen Crane, and Hollywood collaborate here in a highly valuable "duo-drama." (*SR* Dec. 20.)

Two Cents' Worth of Hope: Life in an Italian village, imaginatively re-created by director Castellani. (*SR* Dec. 13.)

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TV and Radio

A QUIZ FOR PROFESSORS

WHEN the proposal was made about two years ago to deliver a large number of television frequencies into the hands of institutional educators it was enthusiastically endorsed by everybody in the United States except the commercial broadcasters and myself. My reasons were not theirs; they used their own in arguments before the Federal Communications Commission and lost. We are now faced with an accomplished fact: frequencies have been and are being assigned to "educational organizations . . . [to] be used primarily to serve the educational needs of the community; for the advancement of educational programs; *and to furnish a non-profit and non-commercial broadcasting service.*" I am adaptable enough to face the situation; but as my argument was never presented, it has never been defeated; it has, moreover, some bearing on the new situation. So I will repeat it briefly.

The assignment of separate channels for cultural purposes (as implied in the phrases I have italicized above) removes both the commercial and the cultural broadcaster from the keenest pressure to compete in the marketplace of ideas. And it *tends* to indulge the educator in pedantry (since he is addressing a limited audience) and to encourage the commercial producer to go lower and lower in the search for his common denominator, letting him be as vulgar as he likes because he is balanced by the high esthetic line on other channels. Finally, this separation prevents the cross-fertilization of culture and popularity which, in my view, is essential in a democratic system.

This was my argument. I hoped that the commercial stations and networks would move slowly and steadily toward higher levels, that the arts and the play of intelligence, the sciences and even the philosophies in which millions of people can be interested would slowly and without self-consciousness make their way into the general program schedule. As this is no longer imperative, it becomes part of the duty of the educators to embody in their programs some of the entertainment arts in which even more millions of people take pleasure. It is not a duty imposed by law, nor one of which the average educator is at all conscious. But if they fail in it they will recede into the arid desert in which a hundred educational radio stations perished years ago.

The practical side of this obligation is clear: educational programs will be financed through state appropriations with or without additional support from foundations and individuals; and while everyone will say and believe that "we are not trying to get the 'I Love Lucy' audience" the success of any operation is bound to be measured in part by the number of people it reaches and holds. Justification by size of audience is a pretty silly thing at best—but the purpose of an educational channel is precisely to let a college or university do for more people what it now can do only for its attendance.

For how many more? And who are the listeners to be? For the sake of clarity I am considering only broadcasts to home audiences. Broadcasting during school hours, including evening school, intended for the classroom, is a separate function, with thorny problems of its own. But at least these in-school broadcasts are directed at specific audiences. The general broadcasting of cultural programs must make some assumptions about the unknown audience at home. Part of it may sign up for courses, pay a small fee, receive a syllabus, and take an examination—as a substantial number of people do for the University of Michigan programs over WWJ-TV (a commercial station which cheerfully gives time and services to the University). Part—perhaps a larger part—may not be willing to do as much, yet will want something cultural, the equivalent, let us say, of reading a classic or a new non-fiction book. If the demands of these two groups are contradictory, in whose favor will the compromise be made?

And what effort is to be made to attract those (a portion of the "I Love Lucy" audience, to be sure) who aren't aware that they want or need anything, but who might discover their own wants as millions of people discovered they wanted panel shows or soap opera?

It is a hard thing to say, but the educators have to know the size of their audience before they begin to broadcast, in the sense that size indicates the proportion of people capable of receiving the programs.

The questions crowd in so that I feel a tone of belligerency rising from the mere process of putting them down. I would not imply that educators aren't aware of these problems or that they cannot find the right answers; I know that discussion and experiment are going on. I have only a feeling that the public has taken educational television for granted, as if assigning a frequency to a respected college automatically solved all the difficulties.

TO MY mind, education is too important a matter to be left entirely in the hands of educators. They are often too deeply involved in technique; they have suffered too long from public neglect, a combination of low pay, half-contemptuous indulgence, and hypocritical respect. As they enter the field of television, a new relationship to the public—and a new orientation of the public as well as of the teachers—must come into being.

The educators' share in this is largely a matter of letting the public know what they mean by education, what kind of education can be achieved through television, whom it will serve, and how the whole community will gain.

As a reluctant convert to the inevitability of separate channels for education, I foresee difficulties even within the terms the educators set up for themselves. In a symposium on this subject, Charles A. Siepmann, lucid and enlightening as always, defined education as "the progressive and orderly development of knowledge

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Roots

By Joseph Joel Keith

THE phantom fingers,
these of a real dream,
reach grotesquely through long darkness;
they spread, they clutch,
they hold their giant
high against the sunlight,
the drouth,
the wet and icy furies,
and the whipping angers tearing from the sea.
Contemptuous of this shining city street,
the still, restricted area
flowering, unfenced,
the roots
out of the darkness
claim their natural wildness:

make songs for these
not to be held in their coffins—
these that crack cement
of the tranquil owners,
the complacent
affronted by the audacity of growth.

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and insight," which instantly knocks out of the area of educational programs those favorite items of the apologists for unadulterated commercialism: a bit of ballet on Kate Smith's program, a half-hour once a year on a mystery show exploiting (and documenting) the lie-detector, and even a scrap from Leonardo's "Note-Books" on "Omnibus." These are neither orderly nor progressive. But the definition calls into question the capacity of the listeners to achieve progress and order in the development of anything as complex as knowledge and insight *unless the programs can actually convert audiences into students.* This must be done, and done in sufficient numbers, if separate channels are to justify themselves.

If this can be accomplished for only a small number of individuals, then it seems to me a dual system in which educational and commercial channels have a part to play can come into existence. Commercial programs can diffuse knowledge and sharpen insights, not sufficiently to take the place of an orderly curriculum, but to arouse such interest and curiosity that audiences will turn to the educational programs as they turn to books or art museums for further enlightenment. Without jeopardizing their commercial standing, they will actually serve as feeders for the true educational stations.

I detect on both sides an absolute all-or-nothing attitude which will make the foregoing proposal unacceptable. To make it worse, I suggest that our broadcasting system is—or should be—flexible enough to allow an educational and a commercial station to share the same frequency, with specified hours assigned to each. As they could share the cost of the transmitter and perhaps of the studios and other production expenses, this would be advantageous to both. (And if anyone thinks this idea is impractical, I note that there was a time when competing commercial stations shared a single frequency, and made money, too.)

For the next few years we will be going through the experience of education by television and the public ought to be as patient as it has been with the occasional fumbles and misdirections of our commercial system. The great obligation of the educators is to clarify their intentions, to commit themselves only so far as the nature of television itself will justify them—*and to survive!* For one thing is certain: the present way of using television for education may not be the best one, but if it fails we will have a long and bitter struggle to get anything half as good to take its place.

—Gilbert Seldes.

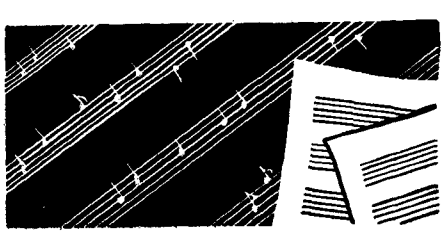
Music to My Ears

THE LEAGUE—WALTER'S MAHLER—"THE RAKE" AGAIN

ANYTHING that encourages the enduring efforts of the League of Composers is an enterprise to be commended, for its sponsors have contributed much to the well-being of contemporary composers, especially American. However, that is taking the brightest possibile view of the recent chamber music concert in the Museum of Modern Art in which the Juilliard Quartet called attention to the thirtieth season of the League's existence with a performance of four string quartets and a piano quintet.

Allowing for the fact that only two of the works—Virgil Thomson's Second Quartet (1932) and Bernard Wagenaar's similarly numbered work of 1931—had the traditional four movements, and the others dwindled from three movements in William Schuman's second quartet of 1937 and Wallingford Riegger's piano quintet of 1951 to two in Irving Fine's first quartet dated 1952, this was still a merciless dose of styles within a limited range of sonorities. I do not envy a program committee charged with resolving the multiple pulls posed by such a problem, but I daresay any four of the works would have left a more lasting impression had one been omitted.

Of the older pieces, I found my attention most attracted by the first two movements of the Thomson quartet, perhaps for the perverse reason that one hardly expects to encounter in any phase of his work an echo of Brahms. Nevertheless, that tonal aura was strong in the opening allegro and the succeeding movement in waltz tempo. I lost the thread in the following adagio and the final allegretto, but I would willingly hear the first two movements again—something I



could not say of William Schuman's relentlessly methodical (and dull) creation. Surely there are better ways to build a quartet than in a sequence labeled Sinfonia, Passacaglia, and Fugue. Wagenaar's lively work is far from unknown, and welcome in a rehearing.

Fine had the makings of an absorbing piece in his first movement, strongly conceived and—outstanding among the works on the program—full of feeling for the medium; but the lento that followed gave small sense of structural completion or compositional logic. In fact, its inherent thought was unduly prolonged to give the movement a duration sufficient to balance the first movement, but not justified otherwise. How the Riegger quintet might have sounded under other conditions, I couldn't say; but I was conscious only of formulae and earnest intellectuality without compelling purpose, after the four works that preceded. Philip Evans was the pianist. The Juilliard Quartet performed an imposing feat of musicianship and adaptability in giving equal attention, and making equal sense, of the whole sequence. The little hall was less than half filled, the audience enthusiasm well-controlled throughout.

* * *

Bruno Walter's latest performance of Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde" with the Philharmonic-Symphonic Orchestra in Carnegie Hall was a notable contribution to his continuing exposition of this remarkable score, in a vein somewhat different from those of the recent past. And from his celebrated prewar and postwar recordings of Viennese origin. This time, it seemed to me, Walter was less concerned with textual values, more intent upon musical exposition, with a leaner, more concentrated orchestral sound than the sensuous curves and yielding outlines with which we are familiar.

At the same time one had to consider the vocal resources of Elena Nikolaidi, the mezzo of this performance, as a factor in the total sound. Whether or not one rates her more highly, in terms of this particular work, than Kathleen Ferrier (who last sang it here with Walter), the substantial fact is that hers is a different sound, with other implications and potentialities. Ferrier, I do not hesitate to state, satisfies more directly the emotional impulse of the music, but Nikolaidi gave a remarkably spacious, inclusive expression to the composer's concept—with the results as indicated. I do not find Svanholm a more than tolerable voice for this music, but Walter's repeated choice of him for it suggests that he rates de-

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pendability more highly than eloquence.

* * *

The first performance of "The Rake's Progress" in the Metropolitan's regular subscription series was short of a sell-out, but it was gratifyingly close considering that it was a Thursday evening. This is one of the Metropolitan's weaker series, attendance-wise, and only the least questionable works with the most answerable casts do better.

Commercial values aside, this second public performance was a notable improvement on the first in all values relating to ensemble, esprit, and coordination. My sampling was confined to the last third of the work, but even here it was apparent that the animation and confidence of Blanche Thebom's Baba gave a kind of rallying point to this whole portion of the performance. Fritz Reiner's command of the orchestral score also made its values apparent. Certainly, the Metropolitan has not had as good a novelty as this in many years, and its audience should be thoroughly exposed to it.

Record Week

AS MUCH as the LP process has done for many aspects of recorded music, it has made more than a few new problems for people who deal with the shorter works of the literature: singers particularly. Creating a complete LP (especially a twelve-inch one) is akin to giving a recital that is complete, perfect, and interesting enough to bear frequent repetition. Little wonder, then, that the number of thoroughly satisfactory vocal LP's is scanty, compared to the total production.

London has had a rather higher average of success than some other companies, due perhaps to better planning, or perhaps to promotion of artists who are not so celebrated that the repertory must be adapted to their measure, rather than vice versa. Of course, it is a vast advantage to have at one's disposal so versatile an artist as Hilde Gueden, who can in one breath (or a series of them) sing Mozart's "Exsultate, Jubilate" and "L'amero, saro costante" (from "Il Re Pastore"), as she does on LS 681, and in another turn off half a dozen Viennese songs, as she does on LS 680 ($4.95 each).

Since Miss Gueden has recently been demonstrating her versatility in so divergent an area as Stravinsky's Anne in "The Rake's Progress," her resourcefulness is no new matter. But it is rewarding to find it applied with so much taste and musicianship to the "Exsultate, Jubilate" (of which the final "Allelujah" is well known in versions from Deanna Durbin to Sigrid Onegin), previously recorded in its entirety only by Elisabeth Schwarzkopf on English Columbia 78-rpm discs scantily circulated in this country. That seemed, a few years ago, to be a practically peerless accomplishment; but Miss Gueden's, if more lyrical, less instrumentally perfect, is first rate in its own style. Likewise "Ach, ich fühl's" from "Zauberflöte" and "L'amero, saro costante." "Venite, inginocchiatevi" from "Nozze di Figaro," though welcome in a well-sounding version with the Vienna Philharmonic under the direction of Alberto Erede, does not come off quite so well. However, the Viennese songs of "O du lieber Augustin" variety also charm the ear.

That last phrase is just the one thing that cannot be said for Magda Laszlo, whose artistry has been heard on several Westminster records prior to WL 5179 ($5.95), on which she sings five concert arias of Mozart. Included are the highly expressive "Ch'io mi scordi di te" (K. 570), which dates from the "Figaro" period, and the imposing "Bella mia fiamma," written when Mozart was absorbed in "Don Giovanni." (The other three are also worth having.) Miss Laszlo is a strong and understanding interpreter of this music, but there is always an edge to the vocal sound which limits my pleasure in what she does. Here, however, is another shrewd approach to the problem of the individual vocalist on LP, even if it does not achieve complete fulfilment. Argeo Quadri conducts the orchestra of the Vienna State Opera ably.

More conventional is the offering of Elena Nikolaidi, whose handsome sound is strongly conveyed on Columbia ML 4628 ($5.45), a disc devoted half to Schubert, half to Beethoven. One is conscious always of a strong intelligence, a comprehensive vocal art in Nikolaidi's work, less of the personal warmth and intimacy of style that make lieder singing appealing. When she has a strong dramatic image to work with, as in Schubert's "Die junge Nonne" or Beethoven's "Vom Tode," she creates an atmosphere both convincing and appropriate. However, such lighter songs as "Fischerweise" (Schubert) or "Die Liebe des Nächsten" (Beethoven) hardly seem in her humor. About half the Beethoven side is given to "An die ferne Geliebte," which is a good, if questionable, gesture of enterprise. Of the many song cycles that are questionably limited to one sex or the other, this seems one, certainly, that should be sung by a man. Jan Behr is the capable pianist.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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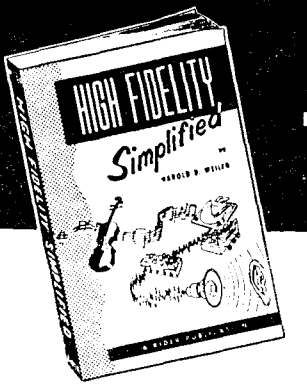

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Just Published

Lack of space makes it impossible for us to review the books listed below in this issue. We hope to review many of them in forthcoming numbers. New works of fiction are listed elsewhere.

ARCHITECTURE IN OLD KENTUCKY. By Rexford Newcomb. Urbana: University of Illinois Press. $12.50. The dean of the College of Fine and Applied Arts at the University of Illinois sets forth in word, picture, and diagram the diversity of Kentucky's regional architecture.

ARCTIC SOLITUDES. By Admiral Lord Montevans. New York: Philosophical Library. $4.50. A distinguished British naval man, who has an Antarctic mountain named after him, gives the details of his polar explorations.

AUGUSTE RENOIR. Introduction by William Gaunt. New York: Phaidon Publishers—Garden City Books. $8.50. An album of Renoir masterpieces containing pictures hitherto not reproduced.

THE BAT BROTHERS. By Frank Borden Hanes. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $3. Three connected narrative poems telling of seven people and their adventures in the Montana territory of the late 1870's.

BRIGHT CHILDREN. By Norma Cutts and Nicholas Moseley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50. Parents of bright children pay a price for begetting budding Einsteins. This volume discusses it in terms of home and school problems.

THE COMPANION BIBLE. Edited by William A. Cocke. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. $3.50. A condensed, chronological version of the King James translation.

THE CRITIC'S ALCHEMY. By Ruth Z. Temple. New York: Twayne Publishers. $4. The transplantation of French symbolism on English soil since the end of the last century is the concern of Dr. Temple, a specialist in comparative literature.

THE EASTER STORY. By Felix R. McKnight. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.50. A retelling of the story of Easter Week.

THE ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT OF NICARAGUA. Under the auspices of International Bank for Reconstruction and Development. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. $5. A report on the assets, problems, and potentials of the largest country in Central America.

FEELING AND FORM. By Susanne K. Langer. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $7. The author of "Philosophy in a New Key," a brilliant reevaluation of esthetic premises and symbolism, now applies her critical principles to the various art forms—verbal as well as plastic.

FRANCIS THOMSON AND WILFRED MEYNELL. By Viola Meynell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.50. The relationship of the English nineteenth-century poet Thomson with his publisher is detailed here.

FREEDOM AND PUBLIC EDUCATION. Edited by Ernest O. Melby and Morton Puner. New York: Frederick A. Praeger. $4. Dr. Melby, who is dean of New York University's School of Education, and Mr. Puner have collected material by leading American experts to counter various recent attacks on our modern public education system.

THE GOD OF THE WITCHES. By Margaret Murray. New York: Oxford University Press. $3.75. Witchcraft as a carry-over from older religions is a topic explored by Dr. Murray.

GIANT IN CHAINS. By Barrows Dunham. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.75. Dr. Dunham, who caused a stir with his "Man Against Myth," which "debunked" a host of well-pampered social prejudices, now aims to prove that philosophy is not only for the classroom but for every man.

HARVEY. By Mary Chase. New York: Oxford University Press. $3. The text of the comedy that has delighted audiences throughout America and Europe with the hilarious antics of Elwood P. Dowd, the only man capable of seeing Harvey, the six-foot rabbit.

A HISTORY OF DOLL HOUSES. By Flora Gill Jacobs. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $7.50. A compendium of information on doll houses, a habit and pursuit as old as the Egyptians.

A HISTORY OF ESTHETICS. By Katharine Gilbert and Helmut Kuhn. Bloomington: Indiana University Press. $7.50. A new edition of a study of esthetics in the Western tradition from the Greeks to the current schools of philosophy.

HOOFED MAMMALS OF THE WORLD. By Ugo Mochi and Donald T. Carter. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $15. Forty of the hoofed species are caught in text and drawings.

IT TAKES TIME. By Marie J. Rasey. New York: Harper & Bros. $3. A soul-searching description of the hard years of learning and teaching that comprised the career of the author.

JEZEBEL'S HUSBAND AND THE SLEEPING BEAUTY. By Robert Nathan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3. Two plays by a writer better known for his novels. The former is a retelling of the Biblical story of a shrew whose name has become a part of our vocabulary; the latter concerns itself with a Hollywood actress who awakens to the realities of life.

KILLERS IN AFRICA. By Alexander Lake. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3. Mr. Lake, a professional big-game hunter, tells what it is like to stalk Africa's killers from the safer side of the gun.

LOVE IS NOT BLIND. By Russell Criddle. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. $3.50. A candid autobiography of a man who has had to wage an uphill fight to convince the world of his abilities despite the handicap of his blindness.

MADAME DE POMPADOUR: Mistress of France. By David Mynders Smythe. New York: Wilfred Funk. $5. A defense of the lady who rose to prominence without benefit of portfolio through the favor of Louis XV. Her constructive accomplishments are stressed.

MAKE ME AN OFFER. by Wolf Mankowitz. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2. Mr. Mankowitz specializes in Wedgewood pottery and in this account describes his life-long putterings. Of interest to antique-shoppers.

MANAGING YOUR MONEY. By J. K. Lasser and Sylvia F. Porter. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $4.95. Two popular popularizers give facts, figures, and advice on family finances and problems that require daily attention.

MIRACLE IN THE HILLS. By Mary T. Sloop. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3.50. There is nothing but common humanity in the Tennessee hills to attract medical practitioners. Dr. Sloop and her husband answered the call and in this colorful autobiography their experiences come to life.

MUSIC-MAKERS: The Careers and Personalities of Some Outstanding Musical Performers of Our Time. By Roland Gelatt. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.75. The principal fields of musical expression are represented through biographical treatment of representative artists, with emphasis on their unique contribution. Mr. Gelatt is feature editor of *The Saturday Review.*

MY BROTHER TOM. By St. John Ervine. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50. A play revolving about a young man who returns home to his small village in Ulster.

MY HOST THE WORLD. By George Santayana. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3. Third and last in the series of reflective, autobiographical memoirs of the late philosopher.

NOTES WITHOUT MUSIC. By Darius Milhaud. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5. An eminent French composer now residing in the U.S. reflects autobiographically.

O RUGGED LAND OF GOLD. By Martha Martin. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3. A true story of how the author, separated from her husband by a landslide, survived a brutal Alaskan winter. Going Robinson Crusoe one better, she gave birth to an infant in that icy wilderness.

PSYCHOANALYSIS AND THE OCCULT. Edited by George Devereux. New York: International Universities Press. $7.50. A collection of papers by noted psychoanalysts dealing with thought transmission.

REMBRANDT. Introduced by Tancred Borenius. New York. Phaidon Publishers—Garden City Books. $8.50. A new edition of an album of paintings of the great Dutch painter which includes seventy-two full-page (about 14x10) photogravure and color plates.

SCANDINAVIAN FILM. By Forsyth Hardy. New York: British Book Centre. $3.25. Films like "Days of Wrath," "Frenzy," and "Miss Julie" attest to the excellence of the Scandinavian cinema. This study surveys in text and stills a social and artistic development.

SHANGHAI AND BEYOND. By Percy Finch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4. Shanghai's social, economic, and political experiences are representative of what has happened all over China, this informed and informal account points out. Mr. Finch has spent some twenty years in the Far East as a newspaper corrrespondent.

THEORY OF BEAUTY. By Harold Osborne. New York: Philosophical Library. $4.75. An exposition of an original method of esthetic inquiry by a former teacher at Cambridge, England.

UTOPIA LTD. By Harold Orlans. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. $4.50. An American anthropologist analyzes the difficulties of turning the small English town of Stevenage near London into a Government-planned garden city.

VICTORIAN OLYMPUS. By William Gaunt. New York: Oxford University Press. $3.50. The story of the late Victorian painters as told by an expert and sound popularizer known especially for his account of the Bohemian movement in "The Aesthetic Adventure."

THE VICTORIAN SAGE. By John Holloway. New York: St. Martin's Press. $3.75. Mr. Holloway, a fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, reevaluates the significance of Carlyle, Disraeli, George Eliot, Newman, Matthew Arnold, and Thomas Hardy.

YOU NEVER LEAVE BROOKLYN. By Emanuel Celler. New York: John Day Co. $3.75. A spirited autobiography of the life and times of the Brooklyn Congressman who is a veteran of thirty seasons of legislative battles.

WHAT AMERICA MEANS TO ME. By Francis Cardinal Spellman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50. A new collection of prayers and poems inspired by a visit to Korea.

WILLA CATHER. A Critical Biography. By E. K. Brown. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $4. The late University of Chicago English professor draws a great deal on the biographical material in Edith Lewis's "Willa Cather Living" (below) and relates it to her creative work.

WILLA CATHER LIVING. By Edith Lewis. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3. Sketches by a close friend reconstruct the personality and views on life held by one of our great novelists. —S. M.

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BELLES-LETTRES

(*Continued from page 23*)

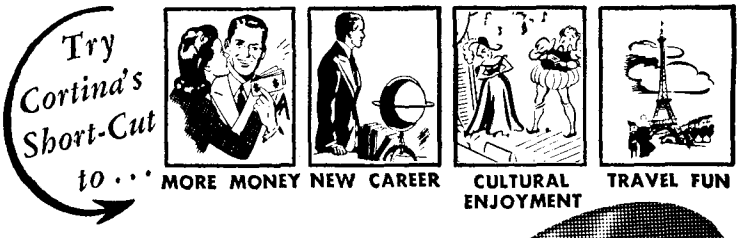
one—amounts to a most sympathetic and readable biography.

Dr. Dudden, doctor of divinity and master of Pembroke College, Oxford, author of the "Life and Times of St. Ambrose" (also in two stout volumes) has gone about his job, obviously a labor of love, with a refreshing lack of pretension. Unlike some stylish biographers who enjoy a subject that allows them to exhibit their own brilliance, he genuinely admires and enjoys Fielding. He also has read, digested, and remembered everything in Fielding's works—the plays of all types, the verse, the periodical essays, the occasional pamphlets, and of course the novels. His knowledge of the "times" is as thorough and as first-hand. He marshals the few facts we know about Fielding's life, and discreetly lifts from the novels and other writings whatever obviously autobiographical bits will fill in the meager outline. When he can use richer biographical material—as he does with Fielding's final and personal "Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon"—then he unfolds his narrative with genial skill.

As to his stylistic methods: they are disarmingly simple. "We come now to the year 1737 . . ." he states, and does not bother himself (or us) with a smooth transition into the new year. When he reaches Fielding's theatrical career, his legal training, his political activity, he calls a halt to his narrative and proceeds to give us a sketch of the theatre, legal profession, and political scene of the day; and he does so with great neatness and interest. When he digresses, which is not seldom, he can be forgiven for two reasons: he never lets our interest flag, and his candor is unabashed. "We must return from this digression to the year 1749," he writes at one point. How can one be annoyed with such a disarming statement, especially when it follows an amusing, perhaps revealing, digression?

He is even less assuming in his long elaborate critiques of the works, especially of the novels. Here he subdivides his discussions in textbook fashion by sections labeled with numerals and letters, and he subjects each of the novels to a thorough examination as to composition, publication, sources, plots (in summary), characters, quotations, virtues, faults, and any other feature that strikes him as remarkable. Every generalization about Fielding (or the times) he supports with very full documented footnotes, which is a tribute to his memory—as well as to his card-files. His attitude in general is above all commonsensical. He does not stray into any of the newer critical jungles, but remains in the older tradition of "appreciating" the works; and in the best tradition of that method he possesses a rich equipment of lucid intelligence, broad tolerance, and firm knowledge based on a close reading. A sign of his old-fashioned approach can be seen in the fact that nowhere in this book about the Father of the English novel does he mention Henry James or Joyce. He does, however, go frequently for his insights and comparisons to the great nineteenth-century novelists.

Certainly this is not the best of all possible books about Fielding; and in details Dr. Dudden may have erred, for his vast canvas and his elusive subject pose many intricate problems. The scholar, perhaps, will not be satisfied with his treatment of questions of authorship. But he has kept these matters in scale—which a more specialized and intensive scholar might not have done.



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First of the Line

THE OVERREACHER: A Study of Christopher Marlowe. By Harry Levin. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 197 *pp.* $4.

By W. T. Scott

IT IS a nice anachronism in which Harry Levin tosses a phrase back over several hundred years to say of the first Elizabethan playwrights they were all a lost generation. Times turbulent both in thought and action grew ripe for drama, and the college youth came down to London to supply it—almost, to an extent, to invent it. John Lyly, Thomas Lodge, Thomas Nashe, George Peele, Robert Greene, and others were all over town with their plays, their poems, and their pamphlets. "Where we encounter the University Wits," says Mr. Levin, "we are watching the transition from a monastic culture to a popular art."

Far and away their greatest man was Christopher Marlowe. "Yet," says Mr. Levin, "despite his conspicuous leadership, his career of high thinking and low living was even shorter and more hazardous than theirs, and the University Wits were all a lost generation. Having made their contribution within a decade, more or less, they were soon written out; and the upstart crow against whom Greene warned his fellows, the mother-wit William Shakespeare, was left in possession of the stage. To the extent—the prodigious extent—that he profited from the lessons they learned and taught, they had practised the calling for which Cambridge and Oxford prepared them; they had been schoolmasters after all."

But "The Overreacher" is neither extended biography nor yet another investigation of Marlowe *cum* Shakespeare. It is a study, based on lectures given at the Lowell Institute, of the materials and manners of Marlowe's poetry.

There was need of such an essay. The past quarter century has produced a lot of biographical discovery and speculation on Marlowe by Leslie Hotson and others. Only ten years ago John Bakeless published his two-volume "Tragicall History of Christopher Marlowe," a work Mr. Levin calls "rather perfunctory." No doubt it shows more industry than genius; still, it remains a storehouse of data on productions, editions, influences, etc. In any case, Mr. Levin has set out to supply a new interpretative study of the plays themselves, and readers acquainted with his excellent book on James Joyce will find in "The Overreacher" what they expect: a wide range of scholarly background, a perceptive critical intelligence, and a high capability for expository prose.

Mr. Levin does not overstress the point, but in many ways we can see in Marlowe the germination of modern man. As a child of the Renaissance, Marlowe's mind swung from obeisance to authority and drove toward the triple goal of sensation, knowledge, and power. In his protagonists, from Tamburlaine to Doctor Faustus, Marlowe pitched this individualism to heaven-defying heights. And of course the tragedy—whether to revenge or

ambition or lust—was mortality. Hopeless death was the measure of life.

How it was said matters most with Marlowe as with all poets. Like most forerunners, he had his primitivisms. He had also that marvelous bulge on language, that "overreach" of hyperbole which created lyric flights among the greatest in English poetry. The mighty line was the mightiest defiance of the hopeless tragedy. Mr. Levin says: "Among the reiterated images that carry his peculiar impetus through his various writings, probably the most typical recurrence is the constellation of 'topless towers' and 'quenchless fires.' Both of these complementary phrases impose concreteness on the idea of infinity: unlimited destruction, purgation, suffering. The underlying antagonism between civilization and nature . . ."

Compared to Marlowe's thundering rhetoric, the language typical of our era seems small and dry. But Mr. Levin's book makes Marlowe's language and era deeply meaningful now, and sends us running back to read those plays again, just as any good study should.

W. T. Scott was former literary editor of the Providence Journal.

Belles-Lettres Notes

THE SHORT STORY IN OUR TIMES: A concise and serviceable survey of the American short story during the first half of this century has been put together by Ray B. West, Jr. in **"The Short Story in America 1900-1950"** (Henry Regnery, $3). After a glance at its forebears—Poe, Melville, and Hawthorne—Mr. West groups his writers into two camps: naturalists and traditionalists. Then after a section devoted (in both senses of the word) to Hemingway and Faulkner, he nods at the short story of the 1940's. Within the limits of the brief volume the job is well done. One may disagree with some of Mr. West's individual estimates—his undervaluing Farrell, for example—but in general he justifies his opinions, often with specific stories to serve as proof. And with the most recent writers he modestly admits that his choice is speculative rather than solidly critical. His remarks on magazine fiction, including the stereotyped *New Yorker* type, show his awareness of the connection between the writer and his market. A brief bibliography concludes the survey, and directs the interested reader where to look if he wishes a more extensive view of the short story in America. —Robert Halsband.

DELIGHTFUL ESSAYS: "I am seventy today. It is an extraordinary age for a young man to be," a friend of A. A. Milne wrote to him some years ago. Now that he himself has also reached the youthful age he has celebrated by putting his "autobiographical table-talk" into a book which he calls **"Year In, Year Out"** (Dutton, $3.50). He is pleasantly informal and mellow, allowing his conversation to wander over a wide range of topics. Gardening, children's poetry (with many samples), religion, income tax, asparagus, cats and kittens, detective stories, conversation at formal parties (a very funny dialogue), hot and cold war—almost anything that occurs to a retired and cultivated gentleman, who is *both* a liberal and conservative. Among his neatest stories are an anecdote about how a Hollywood film company paid him $750 for permission to use four lines of one of his least known children's poems; an analysis of the railroad timetable in "The Importance of Being Earnest"; and an essay spoofing the Baconians. In this last he proves by a similar kind of reasoning that Bacon's works were really written by—Shakespeare! His collection in general proves, with genuine evidence, that the creator of Winnie-the-Pooh is an enjoyable writer of personal essays. —R. H.

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NEW EDITIONS

READERS who like anthologies will find a big one—big physically and big in scope—in "Literature of Western Civilization" (Ronald Press, 2 vols., $6 each), selected and edited by Louis G. Locke, John Pendy Kirby, and M. E. Porter. Clearly printed in double-column, running to more than 1,600 large pages, this anthology "has been conceived as a basic text for the study of the humane tradition of European and American literature," and represents a "winnowing" of "the great bulk of humane Western belles lettres." Entire works are included when possible, fragments when necessary. The writings of great authors naturally and properly dominate the seven periods into which the volumes are divided—"The Greek World," "The Roman World," "The Medieval World," "The Renaissance World," "The Neo-Classical World," "The Romantic World," "The Modern World"—but there are a few writers present whose names are not household words even among the well-read: for example, Mimnermus, Nicetas of Remesiana, Fray Luis de Leon, Thomas Weelkes, Richard Dehmel, and Rafael Alberti. The editors note their generosity towards the drama by mentioning that they have included ten complete plays; but while they have done well by Shakespeare in giving us, perhaps superfluously, all of "Hamlet," they have been grossly unfair to Spenser in giving us nothing but four of his "Amoretti." If extracts from "The Nibelungenlied" rate twenty-two pages, surely "The Faerie Queene," one of the greatest glories of our language, should not be wholly ignored. One does not expect the proportions of any work of this kind to be perfect, or to satisfy every critic; but this is disproportion with a vengeance. The editors also call attention to their choice of translations, and in most instances they may do so with pride. It is good to see Rabelais Englished by Jacques Le Clercq, Cervantes by Sam Putnam, Dante by Binyon, and Lucretius by William Ellery Leonard. The editoral introductions and notes are serviceable. The illustrations—included on the ground that "All the muses dance together" (Valéry)—are, for college students, probably worth the space they occupy.

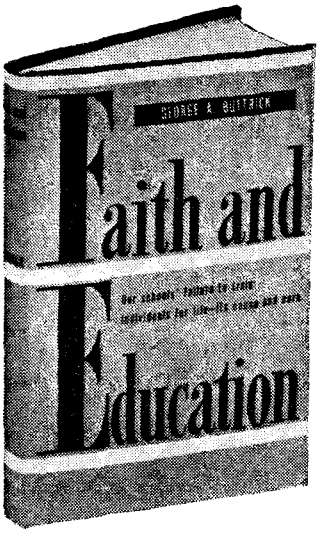
"A History of Music in Pictures" (Dover, $10), edited by Ceorg Kinsky, with the help of Robert Haas, Hans Schnoor, and other experts, and introduced by Eric Blom, is one of the most unusual books you are likely to come on in a day's, or even a week's walk. It has been designed as a visual supplement to more conventional histories of music, both learned and popular. Its 1,555 illustrations cover 4,500 years and belong to many countries, beginning with Asian sculptures of the third millennium B.C., and ending with "portraits of the pioneers of Impressionism." They include portraits, reproductions of musical manuscripts, pictures of musical instruments, pictorial aids to the study of old instruments, and all other available aids to a visualization of musical history. "Never surely have so many illustrations been assembled to give an insight into the appearance and use of obsolete instruments." To put it briefly, this book is an archeological museum in itself.

BARNES & Noble are importing "Harrap's Life, Literature and Thought Library," an interesting, handy series ($2.50 per volume). The volumes I have seen are "A Chaucer Selection"; "Three Elizabethan Pamphlets" (by Greene, Nashe, and Dekker); "Andrew Marvell: Selected Poetry and Prose"; "Godwin and the Age of Transition" (pages that provide a background for "Political Justice," selections from "Political Justice," selections from Godwin's novels, writings against Godwin); and "The Idea of a Liberal Education"—an excellent introduction to Newman's ideas on a subject of ever-increasing importance.

The World Publishing Company's "Devotional Classics" ($1.50 each), edited by Thomas S. Kepler, are stoutly bound, well printed, and small enough to fit into a large pocket. To date I have received three: "The Table Talk of Martin Luther," "Spiritual Riches of John Bunyan," and Jeremy Taylor's "The Rule and Exercises of Holy Dying." "He that would die well," says Taylor, "must all the days of his life lay up against the day of death." Luther says: "Everything that is done in the world is done by hope." Bunyan says: "Peace in a sinful course is one of the greatest of curses."

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

"ONE GIGANTIC EVASION..."



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Particularities of Freedom

ORDWAY TEAD

PRESIDENT CONANT is a brilliant scholar who has made himself a gifted educator. Any words of his on the future role of education in perpetuating democratic liberty merit close attention. In the case of his latest volume, "Education and Liberty,"* the importance is twofold: having to do with his recommended programming of public-school and higher educational growth in the next decade; and secondarily growing out of the need for a clarifying of his position about the place of the private school—secular and religious—which was distorted in press headlines a few months ago in respect to a public address by him.

Beyond the valuable comparisons made in the first two chapters of the educational systems and policies of Australasia, Great Britain, and our own country, the book goes on in its final section to the heart of his proposals. These are rightfully premised on the need in the foreseeable future for provisions all the way along the line for the requirement of providing for 50 per cent more students than are now in school. His ten specific points are sufficiently of the essence to merit direct quotation as follows:

"(1) We do not expand our four-year colleges either as to number or as to size.

"(2) We do not expand the four-year programs in our universities; rather, we contract them.

"(3) We attempt to make a two-year college course (following the regular high-school course) fashionable; to this end we might award a bachelor's degree of general studies to the graduates of such colleges.

"(4) We endeavor to create a climate of opinion in which the length of the education beyond eighteen is *not* considered the hallmark of its respectability.

"(5) We continue the expansion of our junior and senior high schools to meet the new bulge in the enrollments, but in so doing, recognize the need for remaking the curriculum, in many schools.

"(6) We adhere to the principle of a comprehensive high school with a common core of studies and differentiated special programs, but in so doing we make far more effort to identify the gifted youth and give him or her more rigorous academic training in languages and mathematics.

"(7) We explore the success of some high schools in recent years with work experience programs and expand these programs, including particularly the thirteenth and fourteenth grades (the two-year college).

"(8) We provide by private and public action for more scholarships for high-school graduates, but only for those who are potential professional men and women (advanced education for others should in general be offered locally by two-year terminal colleges).

"(9) We endeavor to transform all the present four-year colleges into institutions with high academic standards and arrange the curricula with the thought that a majority of students in these colleges will go on to professional training after two, three, or four years, depending on the ability and drive of the individual.

"(10) We continue to experiment with general education at every level for the future manual worker, the future salesman or executive, and the most highly specialized university graduate."

In his elaboration of these ten points, the case for the comprehensive high school is, to my mind, persuasively argued in the conviction that ours should be "schools where the youth of very different backgrounds and outlooks share a common experience, where the extracurricular activities and at least a common core of studies including English should cut across vocational interests and cover a wide range of scholastic aptitudes."

This conclusion is in line with the consensus of advanced thinking on this subject, as is also his recommendation of high-school scholarships for the most promising students, and a toughening of the fiber of the instruction in the last two secondary years, with special advanced attention being given to accelerating the work of the truly superior student.

Less accepted as yet, on the other hand, is his urging of a maximum possible development of two-year colleges for a much larger segment of the adolescent population, with a resultant greater selectivity as to those who are to study in the last two college years, which would presumably in this view take on a virtually professional level of instruction. In this feature he follows broadly the Hutchins efforts at the University of Chicago, which are on the whole still at an experimental stage so far as active acceptance by the generality of college educators is concerned.

If President Conant's basic and reiterated premise of the need for as much suitable education for all American youth as each one is capable of profiting by in relation to the developing capacities of each is constantly kept in mind, the reader will scrutinize these ten proposals with a more objective eye and strive to discern the logic which supports them. Complete agreement is at this stage less important than that every citizen concerned with improving our education shall confront these central problems candidly and with detachment. The ideal held up—in the general terms employed—should gain reasonably wide acceptance even to the conclusion that "we must endeavor to combine the British concern for training the 'natural aristocracy of talents' with the American insistence on general education for *all* future citizens."

It is in the light of this expressed ideal and its accompanying program of suggestions, that one has to try to realize precisely what the author has to say about private education, especially at the secondary level. He is not opposing it as an actuality; he is for much diversity. But he asks all Americans candidly to face two questions: "Would you like to increase the number and scope of the private schools?" and second, "Do you look forward to the day when tax money will directly or indirectly assist these schools?"

PRESIDENT Conant's answer to the implications in these two questions is clear. He says, "if one accepts the ideal of a democratic, fluid society, with a minimum of class distinction, the maximum of fluidity, the maximum of understanding between different vocational groups, then the ideal secondary school is a comprehensive public high school. . . . The greater the proportion of youth . . . who receive their education elsewhere, the greater the threat to our democratic unity. . . . I would plead

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*EDUCATION AND LIBERTY. By James Bryant Conant. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 155 pp. $3.

Ordway Tead is chairman of the Board of Higher Education, New York City. His books include "College Teaching and College Learning," "Equalizing Educational Opportunities Beyond the Secondary School," and "The Art of Leadership."

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with those who insist as a matter of conscience on sending their children to denominational schools that they might limit their insistence on this type of education to the elementary years."

Nor is the "denominational" school the only one called into question. The former president of Harvard speaks from firsthand knowledge in his apprehension about the growth of private education, especially in the Midwest, for "the sons and daughters of the well-to-do." He recognizes fully the fact that many public high schools are inferior or inadequate. But he asserts flatly that "what is required is for those concerned to improve the high schools." Again, "that the growth of private schools . . . may endanger public education in a community is a fact often overlooked by those actively concerned with private education."

The book does not undertake an extended elaboration of the argument about the alleged "godlessness" of public education. But President Conant voices his denial of the accusation and his conviction that "our tax-supported schools have had as a great and continuing purpose the development of moral and spiritual values."

Thus, some of the crucial educational issues before our nation are faced up to with a sincere desire to get to the heart of the matter. It is earnestly to be hoped that those who will disagree on matters of principle or of educational program in general or in detail will be willing to continue the national debate with as relatively few preconceptions as color this study.

President Conant's volume should help to advance clarity of thought and a sharpened sense of what one believes and why. For his sole purpose is to help assure that our future educational efforts shall minister to democratic purposes for a free and united society.

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By HIRAM MILLER STOUT. A distinguished political scientist surveys Great Britain's political system in the light of wartime and post-war changes. He clarifies the intricacies of modern British institutions, and discusses new developments such as the welfare state, nationalized industries and Commonwealth relations. 1953. 448 pages. $7.00
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EDITOR'S NOTE—*In many instances the books described below, all of them recent publications, will be reviewed at length in forthcoming issues.*

EDUCATION FOR FREEDOM AND RESPONSIBILITY: Selected Essays by Edmund Ezra Day. Edited by Milton R. Konvitz. Ithaca, N. Y.: Cornell University Press. 203 *pp.* $2.50.

The title of this collection of trenchant essays by the late Dr. Edmund E. Day expresses his educational aim and philosophy. After serving as president of Cornell University for twelve years, he summed up his views with the observation that a "great university should be a place in which there are relatively undisturbed opportunities to live with ideas" yet without remaining cloistered from the outside world.

THE DEVELOPMENT AND SCOPE OF HIGHER EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES. By Richard Hofstadter and C. DeWitt Hardy. New York: Columbia University Press. 254 *pp.* $3.

FINANCING HIGHER EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES. By John D. Millett. New York: Columbia University Press. 503 *pp.* $5.

NATURE AND NEEDS OF HIGHER EDUCATION. By the Commission on Financing Higher Education. New York: Columbia University Press. 191 *pp.* $2.50.

The second and third volumes listed above embody the final report of the Commission on Financing Higher Education, whose research has been financed by the Rockefeller Foundation and the Carnegie Corporation of New York. For the three-year project a staff of outstanding administrators, economists, and educators was recruited from all over the country to put together a comprehensive picture of the problems and issues confronting American colleges and universities.

Certainly, the amount of statistical information compiled is impressive and is painstakingly organized. One learns a great deal about everything that it takes to run a college or university in general, but very little about the institutions in particular. Ideas on education and financing also are reduced to generalities that beg for more specific examination in the light of everyday economic and administrative practices of our institutions of higher learning. The rock-bottom denominator of difficulty for all is financial, but the study warns that to rely on Government subsidy is dangerous and invites undesirable controls. Increased support must come from private sources—business, industrial, or individual.

Richard Hofstadter, associate professor of history at Columbia University, and C. DeWitt Hardy in their report provide an eminently readable and stimulating survey of the physical as well as the intellectual development of higher education in the United States.

THE FUNCTION OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS IN DEALING WITH RELIGION. By the Committee on Religion and Education. Washington, D.C.: American Council on Education. 145 *pp.* $2.

Canvassing a substantial number of educators and religious leaders throughout the country, the Committee on Religion and Education of the American Council on Education has been interested in determining how those queried feel about "assisting youth to have an intelligent understanding of the historical and contemporary role of religion in human affairs." Since our public schools exclude sectarian religion from the curriculum, teachers have coped with this requirement by avoidance of religion, planned religious activity, or factual study of religion. On the basis of its findings, the Committee recommends the last of the three choices as being the best approach to reconciling the needs of public education and religion.

FREEDOM AND AUTHORITY IN EDUCATION: A Criticism of Modern Cultural and Educational Assumptions. By Geoffrey Herman Bantock. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co. 212 *pp.* $4.50.

G. H. Bantock is a lecturer in education at University College, Leices-

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ter, England. From his wide reading, he draws together all the strains of cultural authoritarianism from Plato to the present and catalogues a host of grievances against modern methods of education. The most serious offense seems to be that of permitting everyone an equal opportunity in obtaining education. A constant rhetorical lament about lost culture and absence of moral and intellectual leadership implies that Mr. Bantock himself possesses the very virtues, knowledge, and culture he sees absent in others. In Mr. Bantock's ideal society, men like Matthew Arnold, D. H. Lawrence, and T. S. Eliot would be empowered to cultivate culture and make known "the highest truths" to the less fortunate masses.

GENERAL EDUCATION IN SCHOOL AND COLLEGE. By Members of the Faculties of Andover, Exeter, Lawrenceville, Harvard, Princeton, and Yale. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 142 *pp.* $2.

A broad survey of the problems of integrating the work of the last years of school with the first years of college, together with recommendations as to how administrators may help students of varying abilities make the transition.

PHILOSOPHY OF RECREATION AND LEISURE. By Jay B. Nash. St. Louis: The C. V. Mosby Co. 222 *pp.* $3.75.

If boredom as well as activity both lead to fatigue, how then do we avoid the horns of the dilemma? Dr. Jay B. Nash, who heads the Physical Education Department in New York University's School of Education, sets the reader thinking about finding a "golden mean" to avoid being gored by the continual complexities of life which make man a victim rather than master of his creations. Breezing along alternately chiding and uplifting, alternately glum and cheerful, Dr. Nash displays his versatility in adapting sources as divergent as parables of the Old Testament and latest accident tables to the points that he is making. Those points primarily emphasize that it is best to orient children creatively at an early age, to encourage the individual's sense of importance, and to seek purposeful activity that leads to "the thrill of accomplishment and mastery." Aside from such glowing suggestions that any one of us can become another Moses, Einstein, or Edison by conquering mere adversity, the main points of this book raise it notches above the school of happiness sermons on the market.

SUNDAY SCHOOL FIGHTS PREJUDICE. By Mildred Moody Eakin and Frank Eakin. New York: The Macmillan Co. 168 *pp.* $2.75.

Authors of a number of books on religious education, the Eakins constructively explore various ways in which Sunday school programs can help explain the religion of one group to another and encourage brotherhood. The fact that this approach is so vitally necessary speaks for itself.

A TELEVISION POLICY FOR EDUCATION. Edited by Carroll V. Newsome. Washington, D.C.: American Council on Education. 266 *pp.* $3.50.

Shortly after television became a national pastime and its program effects began to be assessed, hues and cries went up that the home was being converted to a mental flophouse and that hypnotic lassitude was gluing people to their sets, to the detriment of customary cultural and social pursuits. As a result the Federal Communications Commission reserved 242 channels for non-commercial educational use until June of this year. Since then the programs that have been worked out in scientific, military, and community fields to provide stimulating information, training, and classroom instruction in the home are tremendously heartening and receive attention in this extensive symposium. The big obstacle to the entire educational program, however, has been and will be that of financing this necessary venture.

THESE WILL GO TO COLLEGE. By R. Clyde White. Cleveland: Western Reserve University Press. 108 *pp.* $2.75.

Those entering the teaching profession on the college level in 1960 should face a considerably brighter future than the disappointed crop of graduates of recent years. If this pilot study on the future demand for admission to college by secondary school graduates is indicative of nationwide prospects, in about seven years applicants will be pounding registrars's doors at a rate of twice the best postwar volume, tuition permitting. This study surveys the Cleveland-Akron-Lorain area through a Cleveland Foundation grant, touching also on the reasons for the probable enrolment rise and the need for revised developments of college facilities.

—SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

New and Forthcoming

ALWAYS THE YOUNG STRANGERS
By CARL SANDBURG. "The best autobiography ever written by an American." —Robert E. Sherwood, *N. Y. Times.* $5.00

SUCH, SUCH WERE THE JOYS
By GEORGE ORWELL. Eleven searching essays, some autobiographical, by the man V. S. Pritchett called "the conscience of his generation." $3.50

ECONOMIC ESSAYS By R. F. HARROD. The major writings of the distinguished economist and biographer of John Maynard Keynes. *March 13.* $4.50

RELIGION, PHILOSOPHY AND PSYCHICAL RESEARCH
By C. D. BROAD. A clear-headed evaluation of modern psychical studies, their relevance to religion and philosophy. *March 12.* $4.50

BOOKS IN GENERAL
By V. S. PRITCHETT. Thirty-four penetrating studies of books and authors, both classic and contemporary. *April 2.* $3.50

T. S. ELIOT: A Bibliography
By DONALD GALLUP. A definitive work including all books and pamphlets, books edited or with contributions, articles, leaflets, and recordings. *April 16.* $4.00

ECONOMICS IN THE PUBLIC SERVICE By EDWIN G. NOURSE. A report on the role of the economist in government, since the Employment Act of 1946, by the former Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers. *April 16.* $6.00

THE ATTACK By R. H. TAWNEY. Twelve challenging essays by the author of *The Acquisitive Society* and *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism.* *April 16.* $4.50

SEEDTIME OF THE REPUBLIC
By CLINTON ROSSITER. The political ideas that guided and sustained the rise of liberty in Revolutionary America — a definitive source book. *April 23.* $7.50

THE PSYCHIATRIST AND THE LAW By WINFRED OVERHOLSER, M.D. Chosen by the American Psychiatric Association for the 1952 Isaac Ray Award as the most worthy "contribution to the improvement of the relations of Law and Psychiatry." *April 24.* $3.50

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SR's World Travel Calendar

APRIL, MAY, JUNE

Austria

HISTORIAN CONGRESS *(May 26-29, Graz)*: Meeting of professional historians from all parts of the world.

VIENNA FESTIVAL *(May 30-June 21, Vienna)*: Main event a new drama, "Lieber Augustin." Paul Hoerbiger in leading role. Modern music section scheduled June 8-20.

Belgium

INTERNATIONAL FAIR *(Apr. 25-May 10, Brussels)*: Thirty sections devoted to industry and trade. Foodstuffs, clocks, perfumes, photography.

PROCESSION OF THE HOLY BLOOD *(May 4, Bruges)*: Annual religious pageant based on drops of Holy Blood brought from Palestine by Thierry d'Alsace in 1150, now enshrined in a golden casket.

HOLY HAIR PROCESSION *(May 17, Courtrai)*: Parade of a relic brought from the Crusades by Count Philippe d'Alsace.

GOLDEN CHARIOT PARADE *(May 31, Mons)*: Re-enactment of "Lumecon," a legendary battle, the big feature.

Britain

RUGBY LEAGUE CUP FINAL *(Apr. 25, Wembley, Middlesex.)*

BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR *(Apr. 27-May 8, London and Birmingham.)* One hundred trades exhibited. Heavy industries in Birmingham; more portable units in London.

BEETHOVEN-DVORAK FESTIVAL *(May 12-17, Hastings, Sussex.)* Choral, instrumental, orchestral compositions of two masters.

BATH ASSEMBLY *(May 13-23, Bath, Somerset)*: Stage and photoplays, ballet, church music, symphonic concerts. Crowning event usually a period costume affair in the famous Pump Room.

CORONATION *(June 2, London)*: Ceremony takes place in Westminster Abbey.

GLYNDEBOURNE OPERA FESTIVAL *(June 6-July 25, Glyndebourne, Sussex)*: Mozart operas presented on grounds of a manorial estate about 50 miles from London.

MODERN MUSIC FESTIVAL *(June 7-14, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire)*: Contemporary works featured.

TROOPING THE COLOUR *(June 11, London)*: Salute to Queen's official birthday at Horse Guards Parade.

MUSIC, ARTS FESTIVAL *(June 20-28, Aldeburgh, Suffolk)*: Modern operas, classical choral, instrumental concerts.

Denmark

INTERNATIONAL FAIR *(Apr. 10-19, Copenhagen)*: Textiles, men's clothing, household articles, leather goods.

ROYAL DANISH BALLET FESTIVAL *(May 25-31, Copenhagen)*: Classical, modern ballet.

AMATEUR MUSICIANS *(May 28-June 14, Aarhus)*: About 100 orchestras from all parts of the world participate.

HAMLET FESTIVAL *(June 7-15, Elsinore)*: Staged in courtyard of Kronborg Castle.

Finland

VERDI'S "REQUIEM" *(May 15, 18, Helsinki)*: Performed by a mixed choir accompanied by Helsinki City Symphony.

SIBELIUS FESTIVAL (June 10-18, Helsinki): Program made up mainly of Jan Sibelius's works.

France

FILM FESTIVAL *(Apr. 15-29, Cannes)*: About 20 countries exhibit as many as 35 feature films. Awards for best film, action, direction.

FOLKLORIC FESTIVAL *(Apr. 4-11, Biarritz)*: Music, dancing, sports typical of the Pyrenees Mountains.

INTERNATIONAL FAIR *(Apr. 11-20, Lyon)*: Hundreds of commercial products displayed in huge fair grounds.

INTERNATIONAL FAIR *(May 9-25, Paris)*: Hundreds of exhibits from dolls to printing presses.

PILGRIMAGE *(May 23-25, Saintes-Maries de la Mer)*: Religious festival of gypsies. Procession to the sea follows religious ceremony in church where statues of saints are stored.

FOUNTAINS *(May 24; June 7, 21, 28, Versailles)*.

STRASBOURG FESTIVAL *(June 5-14, Strasbourg)*: Symphonic works, chamber and church music.

CASALS FESTIVAL *(June 14-July 7, Prades)*: Works of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert performed under direction of Pablo Casals.

Germany

AUER DULT *(Apr. 25-May 3, Munich)*: Big rummage sale, folk festival. Lost or forgotten works of art, other valuables often found at sale. Fine hunting for specialists.

GERMAN INDUSTRIES FAIR *(Apr. 26-May 5, Hanover)*: About fifteen nations display industrial machines.

BODENSEE FAIR *(May 8-17, Friedrichshafen)*: Business fair stressing products, industries connected with tourism.

INSTITUTE OF MODERN MUSIC *(May 26-30, Darmstadt)*: Concerts, lectures, seminars on musical composition at Kranichstein Institute. Open to all, especially music students.

FILM FESTIVAL *(June 18-27, Berlin)*: Best films of many nations compete.

CHORALFEST *(June 26-30, Essen)*: Fourth annual festival by Assn. of Mixed Choruses.

Greece

MUSIC, DRAMA *(June-Sept., Athens)*: Performances in the ancient Odeon of Herodes Atticus at foot of the Acropolis, usually on Mondays.

Hawaii

SUNRISE SERVICES *(Apr. 5, Punchbowl National Cemetery and Hawaii Nat. Park.)*

CHERRY BLOSSOM FESTIVAL *(Apr. 17-26, Honolulu)*: First event of its kind in Hawaii. Program being prepared.

LEI DAY *(May 1, Honolulu)*: Ribbons given for most original, most beautiful, best made leis. Concert by Royal Hawaiian Band. Outdoor pageant U. of Hawaii.

Ireland

"AN TOSTAL" *(Apr. 5-26, nationwide)*: Ireland at Home. Music, theatre, sports.

NATIONAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL *(May 24, 25, Athlone)*: Musicians perform on Uileann pipes, fiddles, flutes.

P.E.N. MEETING *(June 8-13, Dublin)*: The 25th annual congress of the writers' clubs.

Israel

EIN GEV MUSIC FESTIVAL *(Apr. 1-6, at Kibutz Ein Gev on sea of Galilee.)* Rural music celebration, Passover Week. Israel Philharmonic performs.

INDEPENDENCE DAY *(Apr. 20, Tel Aviv)*: Parades, music, dancing to mark 5th anniversary.

SHEVUOTH *(May 20, Jerusalem)*: Folk dancing, singing, mark the Feast of the Weeks.

EID EL FITR *(June 10-13, nationwide)*: Moslem festival of feasting follows fast for atonement.

Italy

RELIGIOUS CELEBRATION *(Apr. 2, Assisi)*: Holy Thursday observance. A 600-year-old carving of Christ laid on a bier of black velvet. The devout file by and kiss the pierced feet.

FIREWORKS *(Apr. 4, Florence)*: Famous explosion of the Easter Cart.

SAMPLES FAIR *(Apr. 12-27, Milan)*: Thirty-first international fair featuring industries of northern Italy, such as autos, silks.

MAY MUSICAL *(May 2-June 24, Florence)*: Classical, contemporary, chamber music; ballet.

FOOTBALL *(May 3 and June 24, Florence)*: Contestants wear costumes of sixteenth century.

Japan

CHERRY BLOSSOM TIME *(April)*: Famous "Cherry Dances" performed by geisha girls at theatres in Tokyo, Kyoto, and Osaka.

BUDDHA'S BIRTHDAY *(April 8)*: Flower festivals at temples mark the anniversary.

SPRING FESTIVAL *(May 17, Nikko)*: About 1,000 men in full armour represent swordsmen in the Tokugawa Period.

SACRED DANCES *(June 17, Uji Yamada)*: Annual celebration at Ise Grand Shrine.

Mexico

FISHING CONTESTS: *(Apr. 2-4, Tampico)*: Tarpon Rodeo. *(Apr. 16-18, Acapulco)*: Tenth Sailfish Rodeo. *(Apr. 27-29, Vera Cruz)*: Deep-Sea Fishing Rodeo.

CINCO DE MAYO *(May 5, nationwide)*: Victory of Mexicans over French at Puebla, 1862, marked by parades, speeches, sports events, dancing, carnival.

Netherlands

QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY *(Apr. 30, nationwide)*: Street carnivals in many towns, cities.

HOLLAND FESTIVAL *(June 15-July 15, The Hague-Scheveningeu)*: Ballet, choral works, opera.

Norway

LAPP WEDDINGS *(Apr. 2-5, Karasjok)*: Annual mass marriages.

MUSIC FESTIVAL *(June 1-15, Bergen)*: Kirsten Flagstad, Edwin Fischer, Yehudi Menuhin, among soloists. Festival marks 110th anniversary of Grieg's birth.

Spain

FAIR *(Apr. 18-23, Seville)*: Bullfights, pageants, parades, many visitors in regional costumes. Fandango danced often.

FIESTA DE SAN ISIDRO *(May 11-18, Madrid)*: Theatrical performances, bull fights.

CORPUS CHRISTI *(June 4, Barcelona, Burgos, Cadiz, Granada, Seville)*: National religious holiday.

Switzerland

FAIR *(Apr. 11-21, Basle)*: Swiss industries.

SPRING FESTIVAL *(Apr. 19, 20, Zurich)*: Parade, burning of Old Man Winter.

OPEN AIR PARLIAMENT *(Apr. 26, Appenzell, Hundwil, Saren, and Stans; May 3, Glarus.)*

MUSIC FESTIVAL *(May 16, 17, Zug)*: Annual celebration of Swiss professional musicians.

SINGING CONTEST *(May 29-June 4, Lausanne)*: Third international contest for opera singers.

BIRTHDAY *(June 12-14, Berne)*: Pageants, ceremonies mark 600th anniversary of Berne's entry into Swiss Confederation.

Turkey

500TH ANNIVERSARY *(May 20-June 20, Istanbul)*: Celebrates capture of Istanbul by Turks.

—Robert Meyer, Jr.

Further information may be obtained by writing World Calendar, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

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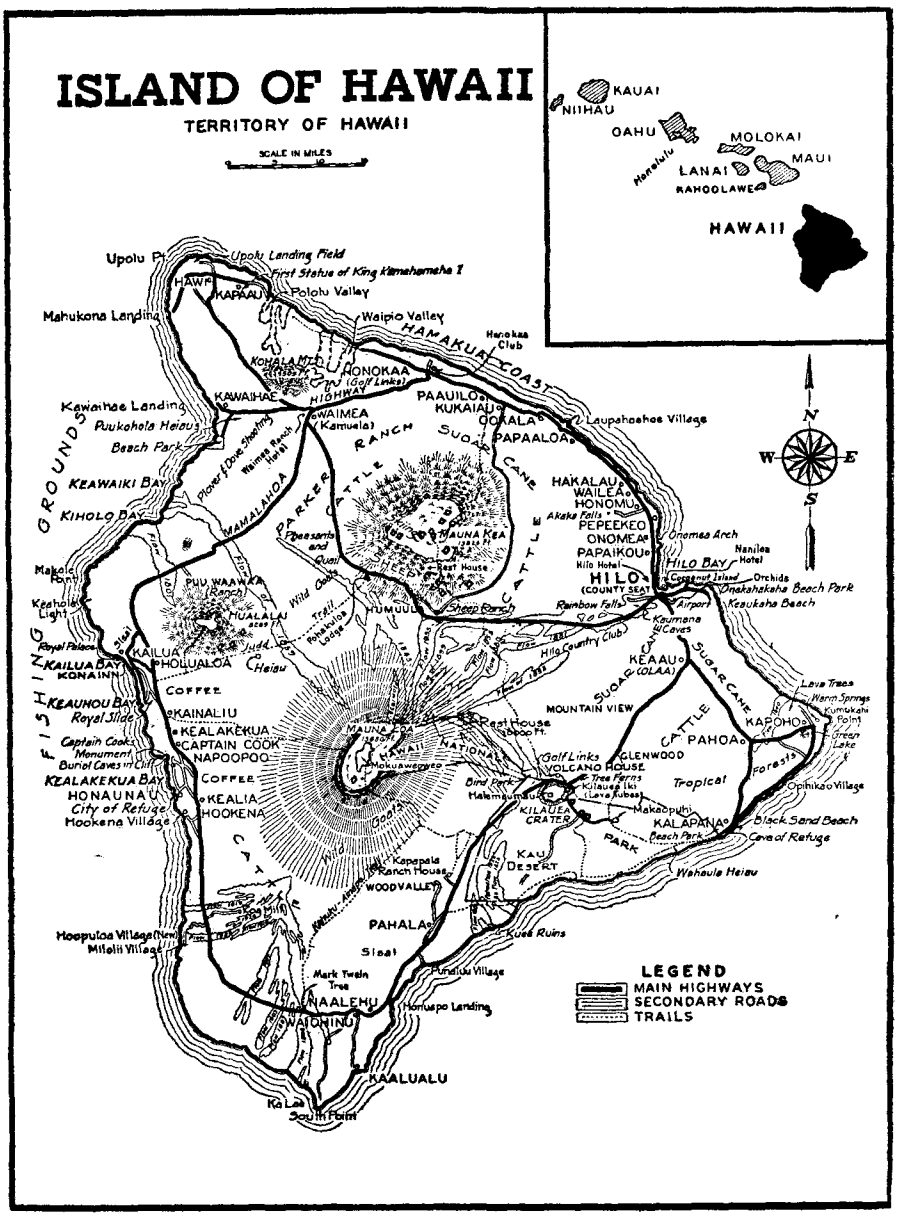

—*Hawaii Visitors Bureau.*

HILO, HAWAII.

LYING on the sands of Waikiki in Oahu and participating in nothing more strenuous than the contemplation of the catamarans, I have felt it would take nothing short of an explosion to uproot me. Explosions, however, take place with convenience and historical regularity on the big island of Hawaii, which is bursting with orchids and volcanoes.

You call it, depending upon what impresses you, The Big Island, The Orchid Island, or The Volcano Island. Double the size of Delaware and roomy enough to encompass all of Puerto Rico, the island of Hawaii is larger than the rest of the string combined. In the damp areas around Hilo and Puna orchids bloom under man's guidance and also without it. Five volcanoes enliven the local scene, two of them active and two of them snow-capped in winter.

Hilo is the big town of the big island, and according to a thoroughly unreliable source it got its name because a Scandinavian sea captain by the name of Olsen chose this locale to lie down and die. His survivors, notably a terse lot, erected a headstone on which was chiseled, "Here in Lies Olsen." Sometime later a Chinese merchant set up shop here, and for lack of a better name he peeled off the capital letters from Olsen's marker. The sign could be clearly seen during the ensuing years by skippers of incoming vessels, and soon maps and charts labeled the settlement Hilo.

Nowadays with Hawaiian Airlines, a tidy little line, you jump over from Honolulu to Hilo, a matter of 216 miles in something over an hour and under $15. Island taxis, called sampans, are rehashed De Sotos of a certain vintage, from which the tops have been removed. For long excursions Slim Holt's Big-Island U-Drive will lend you a stationwagon with top intact to take you whirring through the fields of sugarcane waving with white, feathery tassels, to Waipio Valley, where the sea washes in on a black sand beach, half a hundred villagers spend their lives growing taro, and the only way in or out is by mule train.

A CIRCLE road winds past villages built around general stores where the shelves are piled high with Duz, Ajax, Quaker Oats, and other treasures from the mainland, but also cans of skewered oysters, broiled octopus, dried shrimp, and dried seaweed, treasures from homelands left behind. The pineapples are a different fruit from what the folks back home use as a bed for anthills of cottage cheese, and the limes that come with the tea are yellow on the outside, red on the inside, and tart as Tallulah.

Mamaloha Highway crosses the island on its north end, cutting across the Parker Ranch, which after the King Ranch in Texas is the largest in the world. It was established in 1815 by a sailor named John Palmer Parker, who was lured from his ship by King Kamehameha the Great to hunt the wild cattle that roamed the great Waimea Plateau. His descendants have been breeding stock ever since excepting for the current owner, Richard Smart, who has turned popular singer, warbles frequently in Paris and London, and is rarely on the range. Crossing the Waimea Plateau on a windy afternoon is an eerie feeling with the sun disappearing behind the inactive hulk of Mauna Kea, the beige grass riffling with the gusts, and the cactus standing there like awkward scarecrows holding prickly armfuls of red panini fruit.

There is a tamed, domesticated feeling, however, about the Kona Coast on the west shore, a famed sanctuary for Hawaiian kings, and in these kingless days for tourists. The Kona Inn is a magnificent establishment where the lobby is decorated with the trunks of fern trees and you can view the surf while registering. All

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Of Time, Women and Yucatan

By Thurman Price

IT'S ONE THING to wear a wristwatch; it's another to be enslaved by the time it keeps. It's a useful thing to know that the *Saturday Review* is published every week; it's another to allow the same calendar to dictate your religion, your food supply and your treatment of women.

The mysterious Mayas of Mexico's Yucatan Peninsula were enslaved by their calendar—a calendar more accurate than the one we use today. All their plantings and harvests, all their temples, their sacrifices and their gods depended on that calendar.

"THE WOMEN *being thrown in unbound, fell into the water with great force and noise,*" writes the Spaniard, Don Diego Sarmiento de Figueroa in 1579. He was describing an annual custom, practiced by the Mayas, exactly at dawn on a certain spring day at the Sacred Well of Chichen-Itzá (a well you can visit today).

"The lords and principal personages," Figueroa went on, "after sixty days of fasting, had the custom of throwing into it" (the well) "Indian women belonging to each of these lords" . . . (Four or five hours now elapse, during which time many women drown.)

"AT HIGH NOON those that could, cried out loudly and ropes were let down to them. After the women came up, half dead, fires were built around them and copal incense was burned before them. When they recovered their senses, they said that below there were many people of their nation, and that they received them. The people responded to their queries concerning the good or the bad year that was in store for their masters."

It is not a costly process to make *Gods, Graves & Scholars,* or 10,000 other books, come alive when you fly by Clipper. And Pan American can do far more than fly you from New Orleans to Mérida on the Yucatan Peninsula in 2½ hours . . . Pan American has worked out for students of time, women and Yucatan, a 3-day all-expense tour from Mérida for $36. This price includes all meals, lodgings, transportation by car and an English-speaking guide to the Mayan Ruins which have been called by experts "*more magnificent than Egypt and more staggering than Rome.*"

rooms face the ocean, and those with a lanai hanging over it will relieve you of $28 to $32 for two, meals included. The hotel's menu is a maze of Hawaiian, and one is likely to be greeted with aloha kakahiaka, which is to say, good morning, and be handed a fistful of ai'na kakahiaka noonoo, which, of course, means breakfast ideas. These suggestions may be as local as sliced pineapple (Hala kahiki okioki lahilahi ia), papaia nectar (Wai momona oke he'i), not to mention such delicacies of old Polynesia as Laiki i olani-laika papaa (Rice Krispies), and Huika weluwelu (Shredded Wheat).

There is a tennis court at hand, a salt-water pool, and at night Hawaiian music with performances by an eminent troupe composed of the second cook, the repairman, a bellboy, and two waitresses. When the tide is out there is shell-collecting by moonlight. The *Field - and - Stream* types can make arrangements for deep-sea fishing off Kona, and Slim Holt takes out hunting parties in

Under Canopus

By Gustav Davidson

NOW in the diminishing light
across the failing years
I hear again the grey whistling parakeet
of Hua'hine,
the cooing of the wild green pigeons
of Ru'ru'tu,
the whir of descending wideawakes
over the coral atolls of Maria Island.

And the plover whose cry was *To-re-a!*
and the fulmar whose cry was *O-i-o!*
and the upoa bird whose cry
was like that of a newborn babe.

And the black-winged rail of Roa'ho'tu,
and the ivory-webbed heron of Moo're'a,
and the nesting albatross of the far Tu'a'mo'tus,
and the lonely lemon-yellow thrush on Mount Oro'he'na.

And again in the diminshing light
I walk the shores of those palm-fringed coves,
headlands, estuaries, emerald lagoons,
and inhale the fragrance of frangipani, ixora,
English jasmine,
and the gardenia-like *tiare ma'ohi*
that Polynesian maidens plait into lei crowns.

And I think of Pépé and his three wives,
all with child;
of Godfrey the Swede and his little half-caste son;
of Hina of Mau'i, afflicted with elephantiasis in both arms;
of Tutu of Rai'rua, afflicted with elephantiasis in both legs;
of Onriet, granddaughter of the last of the cannibals
who tamed wild horses in the hills of Rapa;
and of Kori of Pu'na'uia (her breasts like planets)
who sang the song of Vai'ari:

O Vai'ari, isle of enchantment,
various are the songs of thy birds,
thy many shaded waters!

And I remember as though it were now
the nights along the beach in Ana'to'nu
under Canopus, under Centauri, under Fomalhaut,
with the long-range guns of the Pacific
pounding the barrier reefs;

and Marae, lying beside me in the insect-drumming dark,
her armor of pride and resistance laid away,
her blood at seminal tide,
her body sick for invasion.

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search of 300-pound wild boars and also wild goats and wild sheep whose forebears came ashore from some forgotten shipwreck.

The road south from Kona around the foothills of Mauna Loa crosses stream after stream of lava that flowed from the volcano some as long ago as 1868. In 1949 Mauna Loa blew its top, sending lava fountains 300 feet into the air, but in 1950 it went off in a monumental gush, the greatest since 1859, destroying a dozen buildings and burying a mile of highway. More than 600 million cubic yards of lava belched out of Mauna Loa on that occasion, which is more —so one mathematically inclined park ranger has figured—than could be carried by all the Liberty ships that could be produced at top wartime production level in a hundred years. Broad avenues were seared out of luxuriant green countryside, leaving tumbled gray rock and the remnants of trees turned ash white as if by fright. This time it hit the sea, sending steam clouds billowing 10,000 feet in the air, and creating in an instant more boiled fish than has ever been seen outside the confines of New England.

By comparison Kilauea, a volcano which nestles against the side of Mauna Loa, is a docile little explosive. Its crater is two miles wide and two and a half miles long and, since its molten lava is centered in a fire pit called the Halemaumau, it is possible to go walking on the crater floor. Rangers of the National Park Service conduct walking tours, steering a wide berth of the Halemaumau, and it's all a free service that you get out of your yearly taxes.

Also in the neighborhood are a number of steam flats, fissures in the earth caused by rain water falling on the hot rocks. The cracks, which are filled with dozens of well-steamed worms, emit clouds of steam that emerges at 204 degrees F., the boiling point of water at this altitude. In 1924 there were a number of steam explosions, clouds of dust rose 20,000 feet in the air, lightning seared the sky, the heavens rained mud, and an eight-ton block of lava, enough to put a dent in anybody's Duesenberg, was vaulted into the parking area. Hawaii can be exciting.

For over a hundred years there has been a Volcano House sitting on the brink of Kilauea's crater, and now from the sanctuary of a glass wall you can watch the proceedings and simultaneously have lunch. A fire has been burning continuously in the fireplace of Volcano House for nearly seventy years, a fact once noted by Ripley, and the walls are lined with photographs of the great, among them FDR

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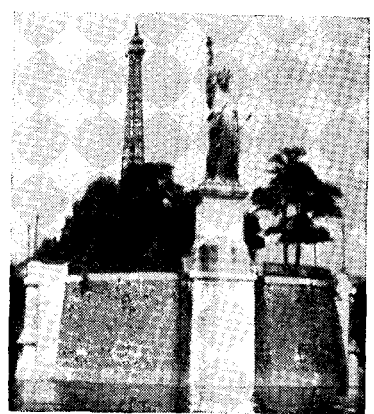
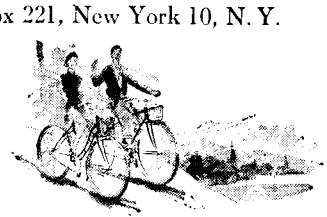


In Paris, too, a Statue of Liberty raises Freedom's torch above the Seine.



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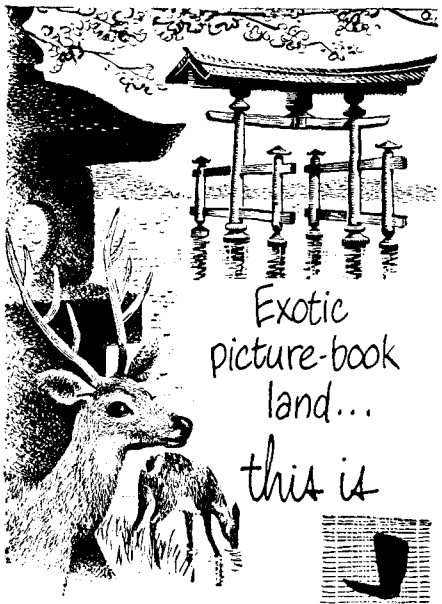

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Five minutes away there is a jungle where ferns grow forty feet high, which is taller than many trees. Down by the shore is the beach of jet black sand which was formed when hot lava hit the sea and then was pummeled by years of waves. And not far off are the Warm Springs of Wai Wela Wela, where Hawaiian priests had to bathe in an inky pool of hot black water before they were ordained. Now, cookouts are held under the lau hala trees, and au iki—young marlin—is roasted by the light of torches set around the pool. A film of orchid petals is spread over the surface and you purge your dissipations in water that is 90 degrees.

All this is forty minutes from the airport in Hilo, from which you fly back to Honolulu and from Honolulu to reality. I boarded Pan American's shuttle to reality one evening, stowed the leis in a cellophane bag provided by the management, and with an unerring sense of direction found the cocktail lounge on the lower deck. Drinks and dinner took an hour and a half, and for an extra sawbuck there was a berth upstairs roughly double the width of a Pullman trough. Some nine hours after take-off time a lady came around with word of coffee and of California. Out of the window Los Angeles was a big, long black box with lights gleaming out of a million pinholes. Dull blue came up from the ocean, fire was spreading in the sky. Tomorrow was waiting in the wings, edging up behind the San Gabriel Mountains, anxious to become today. —HORACE SUTTON.

TRAVELER'S TALE

ITALY BY MICROSCOPE: Of all the travel books of Sydney Clark, and they must by now have outgrown five feet of shelf, **"All the Best in Italy"** (Dodd Mead, $4.95) is by far the most complete, detailed, and exhaustive. The only danger is that after chewing through 424 pages the reader may be so steeped in Italiana that he will feel his experience is as good as a trip. For instance, there is a skull session on Italian history. "Thirty centuries on a thumbnail," Clark calls it. He has included a whole encyclopedia of the great names of Italy past and present in the fields of music, religion, politics, and some who are just visiting VIPs. Anyway, you'll be able to drop Giottos and Garibaldis with the best of tourists. There is a short course in Italian guaranteed to keep you out of jail and in the know. There is also a blackboard talk on pasta, the omnipresent staple of Italian fare. Some bits of addenda for which Clark could find no suitable heading have been lumped together under "All Sorts of Things to Know," and this includes the peculiarities of Italian coathangers and a quick fill-in on red-light quarters. He tells about the infinite number of surcharges you can expect that will keep your blood pressure from going as high as your hotel bill. And with unexpendable patience Signor Clark even bothers to tote up the number of times he was gypped by Roman taxidrivers against the numbers of rides he took. The score: eleven out of fourteen in favor of the forces of honesty. Besides all this, there is a vast chunk of intelligence on the land, locale by locale, with good asides on hotels, sights and how to get from one to the other. —H. A. S.

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ART

(*Continued from page 32*)

venient summary of types and, as in the present case, illustrating it with new material. My chief point of criticism is that if our understanding of Oriental art is ever to progress beyond the introductory stage, a consideration of such problems as the precise significance of a single *mandala* or the relationship between Tibetan art and the Tantric form of Buddhism in Japan would serve us far better than a dozen introductions and catalogues. Even if, as the author states, the time is not ripe for a comprehensive work on the subject, there are many separate aspects of it that are rewarding both in a particular and a general way.

Culture in Ivory

AFRICAN FOLKTALES AND SCULPTURE. Folktales selected and edited by Paul Radin. Sculpture selected by James Johnson Sweeney. New York: Pantheon Books. 355 *pp.* $8.50.

By PAUL S. WRIGHT

A BOOK with a dual title, such as "African Folktales and Sculpture," offers the reader on the basis of that title a consideration of these two major arts as expressive of African culture. But this book actually consists of two totally unrelated parts. With the exception of an introduction and a grouping of folktales by Dr. Paul Radin, and of a small proportion of previously unpublished photographs, there is little new material in this large volume. It is, in fact, difficult to understand just why these two divisible halves were put together in this way and published. On the other hand, it is easy to see the possibilities of such a combination; but in this book these possibilities are ignored, and one is left wondering why there is no integrating section.

The book contains eighty-one folktales. These, all selected and edited by Dr. Radin in collaboration with Elinore Marvel, are arranged in four groups: (I) "The Universe and Its Beginnings"; (II) "The Animal and His World"; (III) "The Realm of Man"; and (IV) "Man and His Fate." In his introduction Dr. Radin makes clear his reasons for thus grouping folktales from all over Negro Africa under subject-matter headings. He considers that "the first salient trait to be stressed is that native African folk-literature constitutes a single unit," and that Africa-wide similarities include types of plot-construction, specific subject-matter, certain literary devices, such as the "role played by the songs in the prose text, the frequency of moralistic endings, and the marked prevalence of etiological (causative) explanations . . ." He further states that "even more striking and more fundamental . . . similarities . . . are the stark realism, the insistent emphasis upon man in all his moods, the emphasis upon the contemporary scene, and the high degree of sophistication pervading the whole of native African oral literature." The tales certainly substantiate this critical analysis. It might also have been said that clarity of plot and lucidity and simplicity, as well as directness of expression are likewise found in all of these folktales.

It is rather surprising to find that certain major areas of Negro Africa, such as the French Sudan, Dahomey, Southwestern Nigeria, and the Central

Paul S. Wingert is the author of "Sculpture of Negro Africa."

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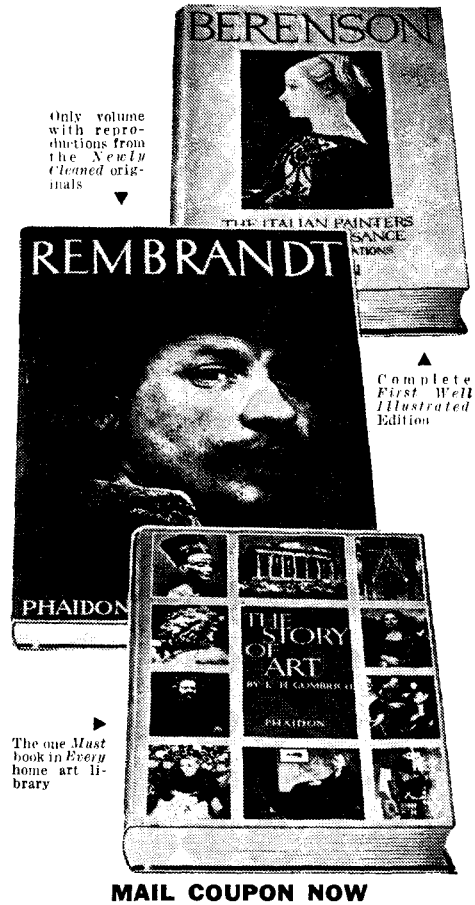

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Congo, are not represented in these selected tales. All of these areas are important for their sculpture and are represented extensively in the plates at the back of the book. A closer collaboration might have been more advisable in this regard.

These folktales have, in spite of basic similarities of content, plot, and approach, what can certainly be called a regional or tribal flavor. It is an important matter of opinion, therefore, whether these tales should have been presented by "groups" on a subject-matter basis, or arranged by tribe or region. The latter would seem preferable for an understanding of the local or areal expression of Negro African literature; and such an arrangement could also have been successfully integrated with African sculpture. The selection of folktales here presented does, however, reveal the character and richness of African Negro literature. It must be evaluated as one of the important folk arts. The tales included in this volume present a creditable sampling of an intriguing art. This section of the book is followed by a brief bibliography, a "table of sources" for each tale, and an important glossary.

The second section consists of a twelve-page introduction by Mr. James Johnson Sweeney to 165 illustrations of Negro sculpture. Mr. Sweeney states in a footnote to his introduction that it is a revision and an expansion of the textual material which he wrote in 1935 for the catalogue accompanying the Museum of Modern Art exhibition of "African Negro Art." Although this is an interesting introduction, it is substantially an up-to-date revision of the brief and general publication of seventeen years ago. In it too much importance is given, however, to debatable chronological and historical matters and not enough attention paid to style characteristics, many of which have been isolated and recognized for a decade or more.

As previously mentioned, the majority of the 165 illustrations which follow this introduction have been published many times. Although by and large these illustrations are of magnificent quality, the question can well be asked: why republish illustrations of previously well-published examples when there are so many very fine examples of African Negro art that have seldom or never been published? The order of the photographs in this book is also hard to understand. The initial plan was by type, such as masks; then it changed to figures; and apparently afterwards it was by media. Examples of different styles and areas are, as a consequence, scattered about in the plates in a disturbing manner.

Notes

CHINESE DRAGONS: By patient research and careful documentation, Schuyler Cammann has succeeded in giving his book on **"China's Dragon Robes"** (Ronald Press, $7.50)—a subject that up to now has not been submitted to analysis by Chinese scholars—the dignity of a serious and thorough historical study.

The Chinese dragon as a decorative motif first appeared on ancient bronzes. Later, it became ubiquitous, appearing in paintings, on porcelains, in carvings, and on robes. The reason for the dragon's leap into unprecedented prominence is not due, as perhaps is generally thought, to the erroneous idea that it is a sanctified symbol of the emperor in ancient China. Theriomorphic imagery has no place in Confucianism. Rather, the dragon's popularity as a decorative motif is due to the rise of polytheistic Taoism (the Taoist pantheon runs the gamut of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kindoms) and to the over-indulgence of China's alien rulers (the Khitans, Juchens, Mongols, and Manchus) in the pomp and luxury of empire building.

Mr. Cammann's study is an excellent one, disappointing only in that the book does not have any color plates.

—KUANGCHI C. CHANG.

Winter's Tale

(Memory of the Pennsylvania Deutsch)

By Christopher Morley

THE rain it raineth every day
And freezeth as it raineth:
Old Grandpapa hath hell to pay,
His motor tire he chaineth.

The power-house constraineth,
The kilowatt eke waneth,
The countryside chilblaineth,
No calory remaineth.
Lhude sing kaput! The poor old coot
Indeed he is no malamute:
Already he hath shot the chute
And his ankle spraineth.

It raineth as it freezeth,
And every roadway greaseth:
Hark how Grandpa sneezeth.
Though the drivé he salteth
United Parcels halteth;
Grandpa too much malteth,
His footing double-faulteth
And on the pavement vaulteth.
Lhude sing socko,
Grandpapa is crocko.

Northeast gale appalleth
And haileth as it squalleth,
But lo, the garbage calleth.
Like the great bird on bunions free
Grandpa comes forth busily,
Where the ice him loopeth
The kitchen steps him poopeth
He trieth to grab the banister,
He fallen on his canister.

On skull and double-rumpeth
The three-point landing bumpeth.
Now noodle-strudel soupeth
And congregation groupeth:
Deep from the neck they sing, deacons caterwaul,
Grandpapa is everything, Grandpa is all.
Lhude sing skiddo:
Grandpapa is selig,
Grandma is a widow.

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FIVE CITIES ON THE SPOT: ARLINGTON

(Continued from page 21)

members carefully keep open this path of communication with the citizens. The advisory committees and councils form an important nucleus of citizens, each of whom is well informed on at least one phase of school operation. General meetings of all councils and committees are sometimes held to talk over matters of wide interest concerning all the schools.

In another effort to work with citizens, the Arlington school board has followed the policy of holding public hearings on all important matters which affect the entire community. Annual hearings are held on the school budget before it is presented to the county board, which must set the final budget figures. Before Arlington established a school-owned bus system, a public hearing was held to learn citizen reaction. Another hearing was held on the matter of holding religious classes in school buildings.

In addition to the countywide public hearings, numerous meetings have been held by the board with residents of specific communities to iron out problems which affect them alone. For instance, the board has met with parents at some schools where overcrowding has necessitated unpopular changes in school zoning. Citizens are always welcome.

Still another means of keeping in close touch with the community is a unique organization called the Parents' Council on Instruction, set up by Arlington's associate superintendent of schools. The associate superintendent holds a regular monthly open meeting at which all interested citizens are informed about curriculum matters, may ask questions concerning curriculum and teaching methods, and may organize into study groups working with school supervisors to delve into any problem which the members bring up relating to their children's education.

Groups have been formed in the Parents' Council to study the education of the gifted child, discipline in elementary grades, the general education, or "core," course in junior high school, methods of teaching the three R's, and many others.

Citizens have been invited to help select textbooks for the Arlington schools. They work with teachers and supervisors in evaluating textbooks according to standards set up by the committees themselves.

Arlington is fortunate to have an organization of excellent parent-teacher associations. The forty schools in Arlington have approximately 18,000 members enrolled in the PTA, making it by far the largest organization in the county. The PTA in Arlington is not just a mothers' club; men occupy the presidents' chairs in thirty-two of the county's forty parent-teacher associations. The PTA is always ready to help the school administration. As an example, when a school census was needed this year to learn just how many pupils might be expected to crowd into the schools next September, 700 PTA members served as enumerators.

Another countywide organization is the Citizens' Committee for School Improvement, which has had a membership as high as 1,500 and which initiated and carried through the original fight for better schools in Arlington. This group is still active and frequently assists in informing the community about school problems.

PTA members and other citizens working in individual schools round out the picture of community cooperation with public schools in Arlington. They have circulated bond issue petitions, have worked to get out the vote, and have carried out many individual projects such as listing the skills and resources available from residents in a particular school community to help the schools.

Good textbooks

open the doors for good teaching and good learning

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THE THORNDIKE-BARNHART DICTIONARIES for school use

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LIVING IN OUR AMERICA (History for Young Citizens)

LIVING IN OUR COMMUNITIES (Civics for Young Citizens)

MAN'S STORY (World History in Its Geographic Setting).

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FICTION

(*Continued from page 28*)

tertaining talent and for it we are happy to see him return to us in English. Only, can we not also receive more French writers of stature who more truly represent contemporary trends of ideas and letters?

A New Dixie

A GOOD MAN. By Jefferson Young. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 239 pp. $3.

By HARVEY CURTIS WEBSTER

DESPITE his name, Prince Albert, the hero of Jefferson Young's "A Good Man," is an ordinary Negro with extraordinary integrity and unusual hopes. He is a Mississippi tenant farmer, working for Mr. Tittle, a good white; usually he is in debt to Mister Mathis, a Deep Southerner who believes the past should be the present and become the future, who knows racial superiority makes his store pay and thinks it is the salvation of the South.

In innocent and unaggressive hopefulness, Prince Albert thinks that his inward and outward life would become better if he could paint his dilapidated house white. He talks to Mr. Tittle about it and his employer says, somewhat dubiously, that he approves and will support Albert's modest plan.

Albert's mild thrust toward dignity is opposed by most other members of the small community because they agree with Mr. Mathis that a Negro home painted white challenges white superiority and may lead who knows where. Nevertheless—and despite the disapproval of his wife and of a preacher who represents Uncle Tomism—Prince Albert persists with consequences that illuminate the Negro's plight in the deep South as clearly as a Kafka novel makes clear the dilemma of the little man anywhere in the world.

Jefferson Young's "A Good Man" is an excellent first novel, one of the best books that has been written about Negroes by a white man for a long time. Mr. Young presents; he does not plead with the obviousness of the inept propagandist. His vivified true lie (and all fiction is that) speaks eloquently by itself and persuades without resorting to compulsion. The good man, Prince Albert, who can neither accept nor succumb to the conditions of Deep Southern life, is unique in modern writing about the Negro. He is neither a sex-driven primitive nor an atypical Negro whose heroism passes versimilitude. His simple, good life is concerned with getting food, with raising decent children, with the joy and precariousness of raising a good crop, with the pride of a weedless field, with the wish to achieve a good life inside that is reflected outside.

The difficult task of showing a good Negro who is neither lynched nor successful Mr. Young presents admirably by a technique that indicates he has absorbed a good deal of the best of Erskine Caldwell. The same good pace, the same accurate but not phonographically accurate reproduction of folk-talk, the same ability to make the usual hypnotic one finds in "Trouble in July," are in "A Good Man." Mr. Young's characters are representative and symbolic, like Kafka's K, rather than deeply realized, like the Negroes Faulkner, Wright, and Ellison present. This fits the intention of the book.

"A Good Man" is an apt and beautiful parable that shows the dilemma of the Negro anywhere by presenting his plight in the Deep South without undue partisanship. If it could be read by every American, white people might develop a humane depth of comprehension that would make the United States less susceptible to Soviet propaganda that is, alas, often based upon what is and should not be.

Jefferson Young—"speaks eloquently."

Harvey Curtis Webster, who in 1951 went on leave from the University of Louisville on a Fulbright visiting lectureship in England, is the author of "On a Darkling Plain," a study of Thomas Hardy.

The Remote Goal

THE LAUGHING MATTER. By William Saroyan. New York: Doubleday & Co. 254 pp. $3.50.

By MILTON CRANE

WILLIAM Saroyan's latest novel is a triumph of manner over matter. As in so much of his earlier work, he warmly embraces enough themes for half a dozen novels: marriage, love (uxorial, parental, fraternal, and extracurricular), adultery, jealousy, fate, death, and the conflict of cultures; but, with the aid of primitivism, sentimentality, and dogged determination, he succeeds in reducing his human comedy to an anecdote, and an overlong one at that.

Mr. Saroyan's chief characters are Evan Nazarenus, a professor of English; Swan, his wife; Rex ("Red") and Eva, his children; and Dade, his brother. The action takes place within the week that Evan and his family are spending in Dade's farmhouse at the end of summer. By the time the week is out, Swan is dead, Dade has died at her funeral, and Evan is dying (as the book ends) in a terrible automobile wreck.

Here is a gallery of horrors which, for the violence and circumstantiality of its plot, easily rivals the average Jacobean tragedy. But Mr. Saroyan is not content merely to bring these unhappy, passionate people to their doom in the shortest possible time, by their own and each other's hands; he has to do it the hard way. The mainspring of the action is the fact that Swan, during Evan's absence, has become pregnant by another man (who also, needless to say, dies in the course of the book). Her reasons for doing so remain mysterious and perhaps unknowable, as her attachment to Evan seems to grow rather than wane. Evan responds to her revelation by striking her and departing for San Francisco to consult his beloved brother Dade. It is Dade who then arranges for an abortion to be performed and is ultimately shot for his pains by Evan.

While these remarkable events are taking place, the author's interest is engaged chiefly by the attractive children, Red and Eva, the sole survivors of the holocaust. Red is an especially useful character to a novelist, as he is prescient to the point of being downright spooky. But not only does he sense that he may not see his father again—his father *knows* that "Red's been thinking he might not see me again," just as Evan's father before him had wept, knowing that he would not see Dade again. There are, unfortunately, other such efforts to impose form on this singularly resistant ma-

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terial. The gunshot wound, inflicted by Evan, that kills Dade strikes Dade in precisely the same place where he was wounded two decades or more earlier, at a time when Father Nazarenus summoned Evan home from Princeton to extract the bullet and dress the wound.

The author's comment on this Grand Guignol is the last thought of the dying Evan: "It was one accident after another, ending in laughter" (a reminiscence of "King Lear"?). Mr. Saroyan's work in the past has been characterized by his ability to find warm humor in a great variety of human situations. But in "The Laughing Matter" he has met his match.

Royalty on Sunset

PRINCE BART. By Jay Richard Kennedy. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. 440 *pp.* $3.95.

By Hollis Alpert

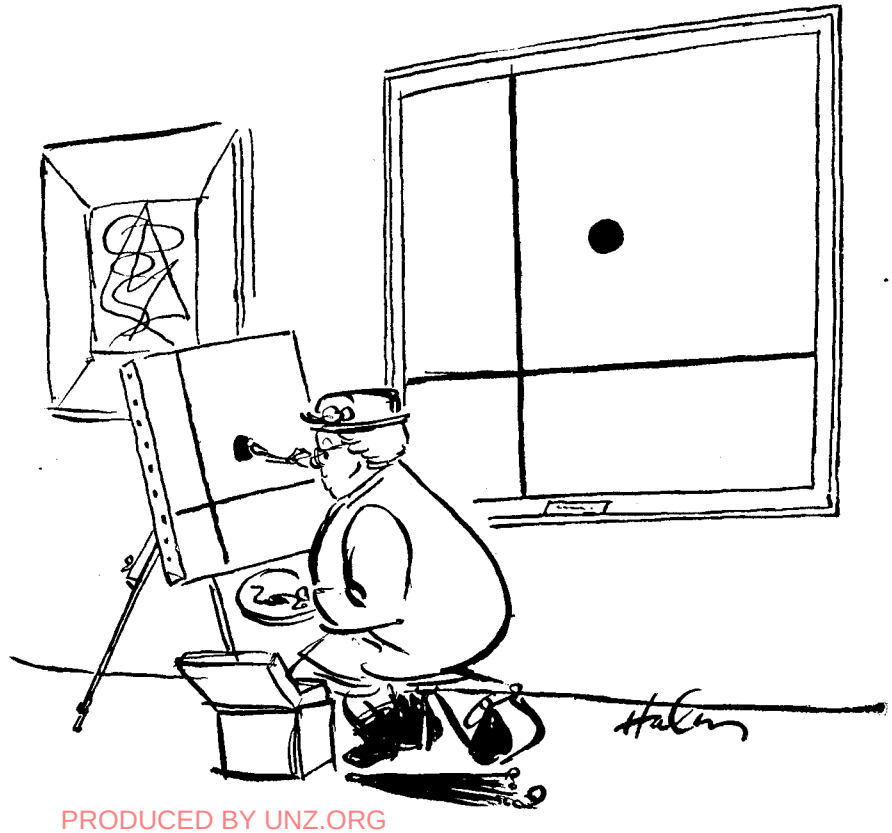
MR. KENNEDY'S "Prince Bart" has one of those subtitles that always engender in me—probably from some deep and hidden cause—a certain wariness. "A Novel of Our Times" he calls his book. I doubt, though, that the author wished to seem either naive or pretentious; my guess is that he didn't want his book to be mistaken for a historical romance, or for any kind of romance, for that matter. His book isn't a romance; it is an attempt to deal with the success drives in our society, with the symbols, the rewards, the anxieties, and the destructive forces inherent in the platitudinous Hollywoodized, Broadwayized concepts of "success." An ambitious, but hardly a new subject. Mr. Kennedy, a first novelist who has come out of business, finance, and the producing end of Hollywood, treats his subject as though he was the first to become aware of it, as though he has a powerful and earth-shaking message, and as though his prototype—a Hollywood star—is a tragic figure fit to place beside Hamlet. Lacking a good many of the true novelist's gifts and what I can only assume is a sense of perspective, Mr. Kennedy has failed to make anything more than an unpleasant figure out of Bart Blaine and along the way has failed to tell a convincing story. But it is certainly not for the lack of trying, as the saying goes.

Bart is a thirty-nine-year-old tough guy actor who has gone from hobo's rags to Hollywood riches and, after reaching the pinnacle of his career, dies of a heart attack induced by deliberately and destructively straining himself beyond his physical limits. He is shown as a tormented, compulsive neurotic, with a fierce need to be admired by the faceless millions, to be at the top of the heap, and as suffering from an uncontrollable case of satyriasis.

The important figures in his immediate background are a wife he has driven to near suicide, a father whom he feels has caused his psychic ills, a parasitic agent whose subsistence is built around 17 per cent of Bart's earnings, a nymphomaniac (there's one in every novel of our times) whose importunate sexual needs match and even transcend Bart's, and his two children, with whom he has lost all essential contact. The last three weeks of his life then—the time span of the novel—can hardly be seen as happy ones.

In fact, the all-pervading dreariness of Bart Blaine's existence enters into the writing itself. And since Mr. Kennedy is so doggedly serious in his examination of Bart's shoddy world, there is not even a sense of satire to enliven the events; nor are any of the subsidiary figures lively enough to provide any relief from the chronicle of Bart's downward path to self-destruction. They are all embroiled mooningly in their own neuroses.

As a matter of fact, what facility Mr. Kennedy seems to have is not at all for the creating of living characters. His people, from Bart on down, are much more in the nature of psychiatric case history types, and his analysis of their woes seems to be based upon an acquaintance with psychiatric and psychoanalytic theory rather than upon intuitive and imaginative insights into their natures. This kind of dependence upon the probings of the doctor and the scientist has never resulted, and I dare say never will, in any valid work of fiction. It is, rather, a trap easily fallen into, and Mr. Kennedy has fallen headlong. None of the people in his novel seem real. When they talk it seems like jargon, when they think it seems as though they are on a couch addressing a man sitting silently with a pencil and notebook, when they behave and act it is as though they are being moved into position like chess pieces. Since the author, unfortunately, has little feeling for background, the atmospheres of neither Hollywood nor Broadway come to life. There are a good many passages dealing with Bart's sexual adventures and misadventures—these are so crudely portrayed as to be unintentionally amusing. However, so fiercely and energetically written is the book that one has the impression that Mr. Kennedy, at least, profoundly believes in what he is doing.



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Fiction Notes

MORE TALK THAN LIFE: "It was a perpetual picnic, a French Revolution in small, an Age of Reason in a patty-pan." Thus Emerson described that naive experiment in group living which for a number of years was carried on at Brook Farm not far from Boston. To make a New England farm pay means hard work, and at Brook Farm there was much more talk than work, but, as George William Curtis once remarked, "there were never such witty potato-patches and such sparkling cornfields before or since."

This is the setting that Truman Nelson has chosen for his tale of frustration, **"The Passion by the Brook"** (Doubleday, $3.95). It would be a pleasure to be able to report that this new book has the power and pace of "The Sin of the Prophet," that remarkable first novel. But it does not. The author has fallen into the trap of so many historical novelists. He is far too concerned with documentation and not enough with character. He is too involved in the intellectual and moral tempest in the West Roxbury teapot to make us care a tinker's dam what happens to any of the variegated reformers gathered together in this Fourierist phalanx. But a good pageant does not make a good novel. The kind of credible and enduring evocation of the past through the creation of compelling personalities that Conrad Richter has achieved is missing here.

Instead, Mr. Nelson has trusted to sex to seduce and hold his reader's curiosity. Sex comes to Brook Farm in the person of a buxom hellion named Lili Gray, inflicted upon this chaste Utopia by a cold, sinister, and improbable husband. Her affair with the young mechanic, Adam, is inevitable, but their barnside high jinx hardly plumbs the depths of great passion. The only inflammatory thing about this novel is the climactic fire that rages in the phalanstery and brings to an end George Ripley's ill-conceived experiment. But by the time the building is aflame the reader is so wearied of Brook Farm and everyone in it, with the possible exception of Ripley himself, that he can be counted on to rush for the nearest gasoline bucket to make sure that the house burns down.

—Richard B. Morris.

GIRL IN A FIX: For thirty years or more Berta Ruck heroines—young, beautiful, and bright as cretins—have been getting themselves involved in improbable predicaments and Berta Ruck has been busily extricating them. The novels invariably involve wild coincidences, misunderstandings, and mistaken identities, and are set down in a breathless prose that is girlishly exclamatory. "Help!" Miss Ruck is fond of crying at crucial moments. "What was she going to do about this?" You can be fairly safe in betting it's something stupid. **"Blind Date"** (Dodd, Mead, $3) is concerned with the tribulations of one Ray Rogers (not to be confused with that man with the horse). Ray's irresponsible parents are in a jam, so naturally there is nothing for her to do but promise a sinister-appearing millionaire who has been lurking in the shrubbery to marry a man she has never seen. Well, that's all right until one day in Vienna she falls in love with a handsome stranger. Trouble! Trouble! But just in time who does he turn out to be? The man the sinister-appearing millionaire wanted her to marry! And the sinister-appearing millionaire is really a fairy godmother in disguise! So help me!

—Edward J. Fitzgerald.

COMEDY WITH SOUPCON OF FARCE: Dick and Ned Bellamy, the brothers of Humphrey Pakington's **"The Brothers Bellamy"** (Norton, $3.50) are both in love with Clare Newlyn. Ned, the elder, an architect is self-conscious, shy, easily rebuffed; Dick is in the Navy, he is impulsive, dashing, unsnubbable, but easily hurt. One of them gets the girl; the other is captured by a pleasant but less attractive girl than Clare.

The merits of so simple a story as this depend entirely on the author's treatment, style, gift for dialogue and skill in the portrayal of men and women. Mr. Pakington does very well indeed if the reader does not object to the occasional intrusion of farce into what is predominantly a comedy.

The characters live in a small village near an English cathedral city; they live, indeed, in one of the Stammerings. Anyone who has lived in an English village such as Little Stammering will agree that it is impossible to keep farce out of a truthful narrative, unless of course the author takes the road which Emily Brontë traveled—and not many others with success—and keeps to tragedy.

Mr. Pakington will have nothing of tragedy intruding on his village; nor does he allow himself more than a touch of that garlic, malice, with which Angela Thirkell and E. F. Benson season, sometimes to excess, their fine comic dishes. But there is enough of that pungency in "The Brothers Bellamy" to keep off insipidity.

—R. Ellis Roberts.

Helen Hull—"skilful storyteller."

CAREER WOMAN INTO WIFE: Anice Lang is a busy, successful, charming and beautiful career woman when Helen Hull opens her latest novel, **"Landfall"** (Coward-McCann, $3.50). Not such great shakes as a wife, though, nor as a woman, if the truth be known. Selfishly egocentric she actually has no real human relationship with anyone. Her every action is an act, calculated for its effect, designed to impress on the beholder the role Anice would play. A pretty empty shell, as you can see. Then bang, Helen Hull strikes down Anice's husband with serious

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT No. 507

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 507 will be found in the next issue.

GB AMBOLG OMBC PBBN

DNELFH MHKQLMHR CBMH

SLRNBC GTDW GB PLEH LG.

FTQMGBW FBXXLWR

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 506

Samson had the right idea about advertising. He took two columns and brought down the house.

—Anonymous.

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illness and an operation, just when Anice is contemplating divorcing him. So Anice with a quick change of expression slips into the role of noble, ministering wife. She finds it a hard one, though, and gradually comes to the point of seeing herself as she really has been. She is on the path of true womanhood when Miss Hull closes.

A skilful storyteller, Miss Hull has carefully kept Anice from being quite the monster she might have been and has handled the subtle development of self-realization with commendable restraint and credibility. The result is a reworking of an old theme that is pleasantly readable, if not startlingly original in its approach. —E. J. F.

FRESH TALES FROM JAPAN: The recent success in this country of the Japanese film "Roshomon" probably explains why there has now been published **"Roshomon and Other Stories,"** by Ryuonsuke Akutagawa (Liveright, $2). The six stories which it contains

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact & Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
FELL PURPOSE *August Dereleth* (Arcadia: $2.50)	Judge Ephraim Peck, Wisconsin Sherlock looks into multiple killings; good cops have share.	Straightforward digging, quizzing, turns up answer; characters authentic; treatment, setting OK.	Sound job
SLEEP, MY LOVE *Robert Martin* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Cleveland eye aids pal faced with murder rap; corpses teem before solution.	Honest, interest-holding performance save for two or three credence-stretchers.	Good, save as noted
BEAT NOT THE BONES *Charlotte Jay* (Harper: $2.50)	Timid widow pokes into scientist-hubby's death in New Guinea; learns things.	Setting good, but high-keyed emotionalism frequently impedes pace.	Uneven
INVISIBLE RED *Maude Parker* (Rinehart: $2.50)	Yank gal, home from behind Iron Curtain, becomes problem to kin, also to Atty. John Pickering.	Commie trail takes in N.Y., Paris, Texas, Mexico; tension mounts as pursuit gains steam.	Good
WIDOW'S MITE *Elisabeth Sanxay Holding* (Simon & Schuster: $2.50)	Poor relation and pre-school son in double pickle as poison fells Lady Bountiful.	Problem brat of 15 among less engaging characters; heroine's fibs complicate nice cop's researches.	Has its moments
MURDER ON THE MATTERHORN *Glyn Carr* (Dutton: $2.50)	English actor, touring Switzerland, finds self in middle of bizarre death mystery.	Background good; characters mixed; solution not unguessable.	Plus mark
YOU'RE WRONG, DELANEY *Bant Singer* (Crown: $3)	Ne'er-do-well quizzed in Australian bar murder; cops turn him loose into trouble.	Suspect tells own story; women help, hinder his efforts to beat rap.	Lively
THE BLACK IRIS *Constance and Gwenyth Little* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Aging spinsters in jam as death stalks old homestead; local cops fumble about.	Riotous extravaganza, with murders least of engaging hero's and heroine's troubles.	Easy to take
TRENT'S CASE BOOK *E. C. Bentley* (Knopf: $3.95)	Omnibus of two novels, one short-story collection — the works—by ace British entrepreneur.	Essential alike to large and small crime shelf; good Ben Ray Redman introduction.	Vintage
A BOOK OF MODERN GHOSTS *Cynthia Asquith, editor* (Scribner: $3)	Twenty up-to-date spine-ticklers by British experts; intro. by Elizabeth Bowen.	Fine collection, with accent on sound plotting, good writing.	Superior

—SERGEANT CUFF.

DORIS MILES DISNEY's
sinister tale of a widower who was obsessed with the need to
DO UNTO OTHERS

what his wife's murderer had done for him.
CRIME CLUB SELECTION
$2.50

"Charming, nostalgic vignettes of the life of a boy in Chicago 40 years ago."*
THE Golden Watch
A new novel by ALBERT HALPER, author of The Foundry and Union Square
A series of vivid episodes, seen through the eyes of young Dave, evoke the sharp and sweet memories of childhood—and paint an affectionate portrait of Chicago in another era.
*ALICE HACKETT, Publishers' Weekly
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need no recommendation except their own merits—which are fresh and striking. Their themes are varied: a pair of stories deal with murder and with seduction and rape; a pair are comic, about a glutton cured by gorging, and a mischievous priest deceived by his own deception; the remaining two relate the robbing of a thief, and the martyrdom of a saintly boy-girl. All are brief and incisive, yet with a wealth of overtone which enlarges their meanings beyond specific people and places. The sensibility with which they are presented by Akutagawa—who died a suicide in 1927—is cynical and subtle.

Here, obviously, is no pretty-pretty playing with Japanese garden life, but a relentless stripping of character and motive. The rationalization of a ghoulish thief is as bitterly sensitive as the thoughts of an unfaithful wife who prepares to substitute herself for her husband to be killed by her lover. The translation by Takashi Kajima, except for a few clumsy phrases, is clean and lucid; and the volume itself is tastefully printed, illustrated, and priced. The unusual excellence of the stories suggests that more of contemporary Japanese literature deserves publication in English. —ROBERT HALSBAND.

EVIL BREWING: There's an odd, frequently moving, uneven, and finally unsatisfactory item that has just come out of Australia. It's called **"The Intruder"** (Morrow, $3) and it's by Australian writer Helen Fowler. Miss Fowler takes a nice well-to-do and well-mannered small-town family and upsets their lives by introducing to them an intermittently deranged stranger who had seen the death of their beloved son in a Japanese prison camp. Unknown to them, Paul, the intruder, had been in a mental hospital where he had had shock treatment. For the most part his behavior is rational enough and his influence benign. He straightens out a number of family problems and even some village problems in a manner that is a little more officiously sanctimonious than Miss Fowler intended but is acceptable enough. Then every once in a while he behaves oddly, and you realize that out of his derangement he is plotting something unpleasant. Miss Fowler's hints about what this thing is are so broad as to give it away from the start, but I won't. Anyway, he is thwarted in this by the wild act of a monster youngster, and even out of his wicked intentions Miss Fowler makes more good come than you would have thought possible. It's a little difficult to say exactly what the author had in mind as a theme, but she writes with pleasant grace and is particularly good in evoking a pleasant domestic atmosphere. Not quite good enough, though, to bring forth that willing suspension of disbelief the rest of her tale requires. —E. J. F.

CANDIDE IN CHINA: Take an innocent honest youth, set him wandering the world's highways and byways, have him meet with villains and wise men and with ladies and gentlemen of dubious virtue, make him learn in short the ways of the world, and you have the materials for a novel. In fact, for quite a number of novels. Latest addition to the number is Noel Langley's **"The Rift in the Lute"** (Coward-McCann, $2.75), which is not quite in the same league with "Candide," but has its own engaging charms. Mr. Langley has managed to make his hero, Lao-Ti, convincingly innocent without reducing him to idiocy and has provided him with instructive adventures, sexual and other, which are consistently gay and often, surprisingly, tender. His allegorical intentions are frequently a little dim, but his wit never is. The result is a pleasantly charming fable, romantically set in ancient China even though you may miss the acerbity which was the hallmark of Mr. Langley's earlier writings. The man has gentled becomingly. —E. J. F.

New Fiction

The books described below have just been published. In many instances they are reviewed in this issue or will be in forthcoming numbers.

BAMBOO. By Robert O. Bowen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3. A sort of "lower depths" panorama unfolds as sailor Joseph Patrick Egan loses himself in Manila on shore leave. He avoids being scuttled by life and learns some valuable lessons.

THE BOYDS OF BLACK RIVER. By Walter D. Edmonds. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3. Life in the gusty horse-and-buggy days on a prosperous Upstate New York farm as told by the author of "Drums Along the Mohawk."

THE DARK SAVIOUR. By Robert Harling. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50. A Caribbean island is the scene for violence stirred up by the inflammatory preachings of a self appointed "savior."

DENHAM PROPER. By Alfred Slote. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50. A family held together by blue-blood pride experiences strains at the seams as father, son, and daughter become enmeshed in love affairs incompatible with their social station.

THE DOCTOR DISAGREES. By Elizabeth Seifert. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3. Author of a number of novels popularizing the medical field, Mrs. Seifert here tells of a young wife whose doctor-husband in Korea has left her to manage both his office and a handsome, persistent assistant.

A GOOD MAN. By Jefferson Young. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $3. About a group of people who act out their life drama against a backdrop of the Deep South.

THE GREEN MAN. By Storm Jameson. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.95. This Storm Jameson's twenty-eighth book, dramatizes the struggle between two brothers, one of them dedicated to reason, the other to power.

THE HOUSE OF COLLINS. By David Keir. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3. The chronicle of a Scottish publisher-family, including their financial, literary, and personal doings since 1789.

JACOB'S LADDER. By Jacqueline Short. New York: Roy Publishers. $2.75. Egyptian-born but Western-educated, Miss Short illuminates both cultures in a first novel about a racially mixed family in turbulent Cairo.

KISS ME AGAIN, STRANGER. By Daphne du Maurier. New York: Doubleday. $3.50. A collection of stories by one of the most popular practitioners of the art. Most of them made their debut in popular magazines.

THE LAUGHING MATTER. By William Saroyan. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.50. The title is a misnomer, for Saroyan departs from comedy to tell what happens when Swan tells her husband that she is carrying the child of another man. The results are no laughing matter.

THE LODGER. By Marie Belloc-Lowndes. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Out of print for some time, this nail-chewing horror story about a stalking "Jack the Ripper" is now reissued for the benefit of those who missed it on its earlier times around.

NO NAME IN THE STREET. By Kay Cicellis. New York: Grove Press. $3. A first novel by a young Greek writer about a "lost generation" of her countrymen caught in the backwash of the postwar period.

THE PASSION BY THE BROOK. By Truman Nelson. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.95. Mr. Nelson, author of "The Sin of the Prophet," narrates the trials and errors that made the experiment in communal, cooperative life at New England's Brook Farm a failure in the last century.

A PATHWAY TO HEAVEN. By Henry Bordeaux. Translated by Antonia White. New York: Pellegrini and Cudahy. $3. The parable of a village priest with the common touch, in dealing with the domestic problems of his parishioners and his own adventures with brush, canvas, and easel.

PRINCE BART. By Jay Richard Kennedy. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.95. A psychological study of a glittering movie idol with feet of clay.

THE PROUD RETREAT. By Clifford Dowdey. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3. The author of "Bugles Blow No More" returns to the Civil War locale and this time catches Jefferson Davis in flight from Richmond, but not without the treasury. Adventure and romance pave the journey of Davis and his party.

THE RIFT IN THE LUTE. By Noel Langley. New York: Coward-McCann. $2.75. Reaching back eight centuries to the times of the Mongol hordes, the author concentrates on the story of a young Chinese.

THE RIVER IS HOME. By Pat Smith. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3. The Corey family live in Mississippi swamplands where their methods of survival border on the primitive and their relation with the nearby townspeople makes for the drama in this novel.

THIS HAPPY RURAL SEAT. By George Lanning. Cleveland: World Publishing Co. $3.50. A family novel with a Midwestern setting that sees its members torn between the reality of the present and nostalgia for the past.

THE WIRE GOD. By Jack Willard. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.50. About a ruthless character who climbs up in the newspaper world. —S. M.

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In Paper Covers

The Saturday Review's Guide to the Best New Reprints

Title & Author	*Subject*	*Critics' Consensus*
ACROSS THE RIVER AND INTO THE TREES *Ernest Hemingway* (Dell: 35¢)	A doom-haunted American Army officer returns to Italy, where he fought in both world wars, and has an affair with a beautiful young countess. Death comes for him even sooner than he expected, while he is on a hunting expedition.	The majority of the critics confessed themselves embarrassed by Hemingway's descent from the heights achieved in his earlier works. Some, however, found gratifying traces of his old honesty and ability to cast a spell.
BRAVE NEW WORLD *Aldous Huxley* (Bantam: 35¢)	A fictional satire on the world of the future, when science has solved all problems.	Immensely clever intellectual horseplay hung on a thin narrative thread.
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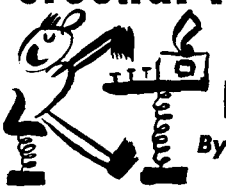

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LURES TO LEARN

(*Continued from page 16*)

which is a title I'm glad that the authors didn't choose. "Living on Our Earth" seems to me to be an exemplary volume in all other respects, except that one section is headed, "Are You A Junior Geographer?" If I asked the little boy next door that question, he would answer coldly and unhesitantly, "No."

SOME aspects of the text of almost all the modern school books I read frankly puzzled me: although the pictures and layout are so beautiful, the language seems to have the nourishing, simple and colorless quality of pablum. I find it hard to tell whether this is good or bad. The publishers explain it by pointing out that each book is written scientifically for certain age levels.

The procedure in writing a geography book, for instance, is to put a geographer and a reading specialist to work on it—that's one reason why so many textbooks have almost as many authors as a movie. "Our Earth" —the book with the beautiful Kodachrome photographs which my daughter brought home—lists as the authors Gertrude Whipple, supervisor of reading at the Detroit public schools, and Preston E. James, professor of Geography at Syracuse University. This same pair wrote "Living On Our Earth," and almost all other textbooks have similar combinations. I'm frankly not at all sure whether the resulting prose, carefully devised from studies of vocabulary levels and all the rest of it, is as good as it should be.

Certainly the kind of style which would appeal to an adult would be out of place in a book for youngsters, but I find myself wondering whether the textbook writers haven't gone too far in trying to make writing for children a science rather than an art. Here are the opening sentences of "Our Earth" —the reader can judge for himself:

"We live on the earth. If we were high up in the sky, we could look down upon the earth. Then we should see that it looks like a huge ball. It is so very huge that you can see only a tiny part of it at a time. For this reason the earth looks flat to us.

"Because the earth is round like a ball, it is called a sphere, or a globe. It is a very, very large sphere.

"The earth is made of land and water. People live on the land. Some people have farms to raise food. Some people raise animals to get meat. These animals eat grass or plants that grow on the land. Men grow food for these animals to eat . . . "

So it goes. Those sentences were penned for nine-year-olds, I am told. It is a temptation to believe that children of even that age might appreciate something not quite so scientifically put together. The language of the new textbooks, however, cannot be compared unfavorably with that of the old. A lot of the old ones managed to be as flat without the virtue of clarity.

In spite of my reservations, the net conclusion I reached from my informal study of textbooks is that the modern ones are unquestionably superior to the old in almost every way. I am assured by many schoolmen that such practices as the substitution of a television script for Mark Twain and the "simplification" of "Evangeline" are for the sake of the slower children, and that the quicker ones are given the real stuff. I hope this is true, and know that it is in good school systems. It seems to me, nevertheless, that many of the textbook writers are robbing themselves and their subject of dignity by trying to sell knowledge like soap, but that, after all, is a relatively minor defect.

The most important fact is simply this: Children nowadays are presented with an enormous variety of attractive textbooks which are scientifically designed as lures to learning. If the language appears flat to an adult and to some children, maybe that doesn't make too much difference—the classics and a lot of good contemporary books are still around for those who want them. If the teachers use the textbooks I saw to tease children into something better, more power to them! I only hope there aren't too many students who mistake the pretty colored lures for the real thing, and get fed up with the taste of feathers.

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Farewell, Old Serpent

By LeRoy Smith, Jr.

SHALL I, in rising from the earth,
Seeing in withered effigy
The continents laid out on seas
As solid and as dead as glass,
Green glass and blue, shallow and blind
As mirrors dazzling in the sun;
Seeing the hemispheres succeed
Each other in the constant day;
Seeing the world recede a star
Hung in an evening, then a night;
Shall I, in rising, seeing thus,
Unfleshed, unleashed at last from breath,
Freed from the cramping cage of bone,
Freed from the searing wires of nerves,
Yearn for the thousand dawns of grief
Or pleasure's poignant afternoons
Of fading summer? Shall I regret
The freedom and the peace of God
And weep for life's dead tyranny,
Grieve for the ancient pain and heartbruise
That bred compassion in the desert
Of our else arid dust? Or shall
I cry thanksgiving at the source
Of time because God's blood is tears
Redeemed and Adam's sweat is dry?

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IS IT BETTER TO BE A BONEHEAD?

(*Continued from page 12*)

everywhere deserve the support of the taxpayers, to which the privately endowed schools and colleges are not entitled.

During the next decade they must seek new sources of revenue and support. Although it would in my judgment be a pity if they were abolished, it is good for them to have to pay their own way, for in so doing they gain strength. They have the confidence of many thoughtful people, and the next decade is not likely to see the elimination of any but the weakest and least deserving of such institutions. More and more, I suspect, they will ask for the financial support of the alumni whom they have nurtured. In all this there is nothing alarming.

IN an effort to defeat illiteracy, American secondary schools have been inclined to emphasize the needs of what may be called the "average pupil" and to deal with all candidates in the same general fashion. Recent developments in testing, however, have made it possible and practicable very early to differentiate among various abilities and aptitudes. The revealed gradations are so extreme as to be startling, and have disclosed the desirability not only of a "sorting out" process but also of an adjustment of school curricula to meet the individual need. In their efforts to preserve some traditional values, educators have ignored the fact that education, rightly described, comes from various sources through various media.

As an example, the courses which are valuable for students with linguistic facility may be useless for those with latent scientific skills. It is foolish to try to pound Latin into the head of a youngster whose ambition is to run a garage. We need here, as in other fields, to recognize the dignity of the individual and the permanence of his native attributes. After certain basic needs have been satisfied, such as a minimum knowledge of English, history, mathematics, science, and government, a "sorting out" system may be put into operation with beneficial results to everybody concerned.

The next decade will undoubtedly see much more attention devoted to the Bright Pupil, with the object of permitting him or her to move faster and farther up the scholastic ladder. The lack of facilities for pushing ahead the more talented students has been a legitimate criticism of American educational machinery. As a matter of fact, we have done far more to help retarded children than we have to care for those who, because of native endowment, seem destined to assume leadership. The recent report of Dr. Byron S. Holinshed's committee has shown that thousands of well-qualified American boys and girls do not go to college because they have no money to pay their way. Perhaps this is one field in which Government subsidies may be provided with good results. And what is called the Blackmer Report, prepared under the spon-

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Caliban, "Tempest." 2. Cleopatra, "Antony and Cleopatra." 3. Portia, "Merchant of Venice." 4. Bottom, "Midsummer-Night's Dream." 5. Thersites, "Troilus and Cressida." 6. Jaques, "As You Like It." 7. Duke, "Twelfth Night." 8. Desdemona, "Othello." 9. Lorenzo, "Merchant of Venice." 10. Hotspur, "I Henry IV." 11. Richard, "Richard II." 12. Hamlet, "Hamlet."

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sorship of the Ford Foundation, has demonstrated how, with the joint cooperation of schools and colleges, the Bright Boy may save time and money, especially in preparation for such professions as law and medicine.

The consequences of required military service on young men of college age will, of course, have to be taken into account during the next ten years. No prophet can tell with any accuracy how universal military service will affect college enrolments, but it is certain that marginal institutions will have to do some careful budget planning. The impact on the individual, moreover, is unpredictable, and the instability will be even more irritating in case of a global conflict in which the United States is a major participant. Clearly the young man or woman emerging from adolescence in these critical days has many crucial choices to make; and it will be the responsibility of the colleges to make the burden easier for those who have to bear the brunt of a hot war. "What shall I do?" is the question being asked even now of college guidance officers by harassed undergraduates, and the answer had better be wise!

Of the minor technical and organizational problems which teachers on all levels must face within the next few years it is unnecessary here to speak. Pedagogical theories will, of course, be aired, and the whole philosophy of education will be discussed and reconsidered. It is already evident that our professors and instructors have a grave responsibility. They must not be hampered in their activities by interfering limelight hunters or fanatics. When school committees are kept on edge by municipal politics, community efficiency is sure to be impaired. I have lived in a town where one ignoramus who could hardly write a correct simple sentence marshaled opinion against conscientious teachers in the grammar school. No matter how small the village, some disgruntled mother can find fault with what has been done for Willie or Susie, and gather around her some noisy followers.

As for teachers themselves, with few exceptions they are eager to show results and to fit into our complicated social pattern. If they are to blame in any respect, it is because they have not tried to educate the parents as well as the children. And we as citizens cannot evade on our part the necessity of providing them with social, financial, and intellectual independence. No national enterprise is more vital than the one in which they are engaged. They are day by day influencing the manners and morals of our children. Let us see that they have a square deal!

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APARTMENT FOR RENT

NYC—Charming garden apartment off Riverside Drive, large living room, smaller study, studio bed in each, kitchen, bath. All newly remodeled. Convenient to 3 bus lines, subway. June, July, August. $475. Mrs. Cornelia Parker, 312 West 88 St., NYC.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

SOLOMONS, CALVERT COUNTY, MARYLAND on Patuxent River near Chesapeake Bay—6-room house, large sun porch, full basement, automatic oil heat, fireplace, living room. Adjacent school. 60 miles South Washington, Maryland Route 2. Fishing, crabbing, boating. R. W. Harned, 4417 Garfield, Washington, D.C.

For Rent

VIRGINIA'S EASTERN SHORE—COLONIAL FARMHOUSE. Near Onancock, on water, 8 rooms, 4 fireplaces, electricity, bath, attractive woodwork, abundant outbuildings. References required. L. Floyd Nock, Jr. Accomac, Virginia.

BUCKS COUNTY, PA. Charming stone guest cottage. Living room, bedroom combination, wood burning fireplace, large tile bath, kitchen, terrace. High among the pine trees. 900 feet from main house. Furnished or unfurnished. Suitable for one or two—prefer musician, artist, writer. $40 per month. Box N-541.

For Summer Rental

BEAUTY AND SECLUSION: Furnished summer cottages FULLY equipped for housekeeping at Rogers Rock Club, north end Lake George. Monthly or half season rentals. Lower rates first half season. Rentals include use of gardens, trails, tennis courts, rowboats, casino with pingpong and pool tables. Ideal bathing for young and old. Golf and horseback available. Write 114 Washington Place, NYC 14. Telephone WAtkins 9-4739, mornings.

ATTRACTIVELY RENOVATED, FURNISHED FARMHOUSE near Lake Dunmore, Vermont. Electrically equipped throughout. 7 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Porches. View. Easy access to lake. Rental: $550 for season, $250 for month. Write Box N-532.

TRAVEL

EUROPE SUMMER AND FALL. 52 to 75 days, 7 to 10 countries. Good hotels, fine transportation. Choice of five tours. MIDWEST TRAVEL SERVICE, 910 West 2 St., Northfield, Minnesota.

"AMERICAN HISTORY ORIGINS," Travel Course on Wheels, 3 hours college credit, June 29 - July 10. ARNOLD TOURS, 234 Clarendon, Boston, Mass.

VACATIONS

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, N.Y. Tempting meals. Quiet. Adults only. North Clove 2421.

GREEN SHADOWS. Old Lyme, Conn. Quiet informal country life; good food, comfortable beds.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming, riding, golf nearby—country auctions—summer theatre—Tanglewood Festival. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Connecticut.

SPRINGTIME AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan food. Trailing arbutus. Trout streams. Brandon, Vermont.

YANKEE WINTER WEEKENDS—Square dancing, Glogg party, sugaring off, sleigh rides, fireside sitting. 4 meals, 2 nights at Treadway's PUBLICK HOUSE or Lodge. All expenses $24.50 or 19.95. Write The Lodge, Old Sturbridge Village 6, Mass. Telephone Dickens 7-2071 (Mass.)

SEA GRAPE ISLAND LODGE, Bokeelia, Florida. TROPICAL island. LUXURIOUS. Pot-bellying food. INACTIVITIES galore. Excruciatingly INFORMAL December through April. American Plan from $15 daily person.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 989

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Possessing merit.	165 41 7 189 15 35
B. Indwelling.	167 136 150 89 45 116 99 179
C. Shining, bright.	176 77 130 70 68 28
D. Sequel to "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" (2 wds.; 1903).	91 187 162 67 8 58 33 146 153
E. Poem by Whittier, 1850, criticizing Daniel Webster for his attitude toward slavery.	118 186 22 62 94 185 82
F. Soothing, either pain or feelings.	37 11 51 79 92 85 6
G. Marie Antoinette's mother (2 wds.).	83 102 73 46 20 125 166 128 80 139
H. Woman's garment now much in vogue, similar to an ecclesiastical vestment.	160 16 112 157 100 90 181
I. Bray; guffaw.	76 175 55 134 106 12
J. Again.	173 1 164 96 17 169
K. Stiff in the joints and muscles.	117 54 144 88 9 44 101 31 168
L. Fluorine, in the old chemistry.	30 141 53 131 149 120
M. Presumptuousness.	72 154 98 56 122 52 25 124 143 109
N. Saint for whom the English town of Boston was originally named.	137 2 49 14 95 115 110

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Cock.	190 182 29 69 178 40 159
P. Chink in the armor, as it were (2 wds.).	10 21 61 50 108 180 86 121 172 147 84 36
Q. Inestimable.	177 32 174 129 192 105 145 65 75 133
R. Surface of upper end of a glacier.	184 66 63 142
S. Thousand-headed king of the serpents (Hindu).	113 26 4 127 13 155
T. Rash.	114 188 170 48 38 60
U. Distinguishing feature of a loose overcoat named for a British general (2 wds.).	3 93 39 138 151 34 148 123 64 27 71 19
V. Saint protectress against rats and mice.	43 81 18 140 183 135 24 163
W. Balance.	23 87 126 74 107 97 47 57
X. When (the poet says) we have "bright blue weather."	191 156 104 119 132 171 42
Y. Trademarked procaine.	78 158 5 161 103 59 111 152

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

	1 J	2 N	3 U		4 S	5 Y	6 F	7 A	8 D		9 K	10 P	11 F		12 I	13 S
14 N		15 A	16 G	17 J		18 V	19 U	20 G	21 P	22 E	23 W	24 V		25 M	26 S	27 U
	28 C	29 O	30 L		31 K	32 Q		33 D	34 U	35 A		36 P	37 F	38 T	39 U	40 O
	41 A	42 X	43 V	44 K	45 B	46 G	47 W	48 T	49 N	50 P	51 F	52 M		53 L	54 K	55 I
56 M	57 W		58 D	59 Y	60 T		61 P	62 E	63 R	64 U		65 Q	66 R	67 D	68 C	
69 O	70 C	71 U	72 M	73 G	74 W	75 Q		76 I	77 C	78 Y	79 F	80 G	81 V	82 E		83 G
84 P	85 F		86 P	87 W	88 K	89 B	90 H	91 D	92 F		93 U	94 E	95 N	96 J		97 W
98 M		99 B	100 H	101 K		102 G	103 Y	104 X	105 Q	106 I	107 W	108 P	109 M		110 N	111 Y
112 H		113 S	114 T	115 N	116 B	117 K	118 E	119 X	120 L		121 P	122 M		123 U	124 M	125 G
	126 W	127 S		128 G	129 Q	130 C	131 L		132 X	133 Q		134 I	135 V	136 B	137 N	138 U
139 G		140 V	141 L	142 R	143 M	144 K		145 Q	146 D	147 P		148 U	149 L		150 B	151 U
152 Y	153 D		154 M	155 S	156 X	157 H	158 Y	159 O	160 G		161 Y	162 D	163 V	164 J		165 A
166 G	167 B	168 K	169 J		170 T	171 X		172 P	173 J	174 Q	175 I		176 C	177 Q	178 O	179 B
180 P	181 H		182 O	183 V		184 R	185 E		186 E	187 D	188 T	189 A	190 O	191 X	192 Q	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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Today's Luncheon Special

HAM on RYE . . . with Herb Sheldon on the side

Some folks might call that a *double* helping of ham. Maybe so. But that's what the kids* are going for these days . . . the Herb Sheldon lunch-time show. They eat more, laugh more as Herb puts on a daily noon-time circus. If your Huckleberry Finn raises the roof at luncheon, plunk him in front of the Herb Sheldon show. He'll bother you no more.

*moms enjoy it, too.

The HERB SHELDON show

12 to 1 pm weekdays

CHANNEL 4 WNBT

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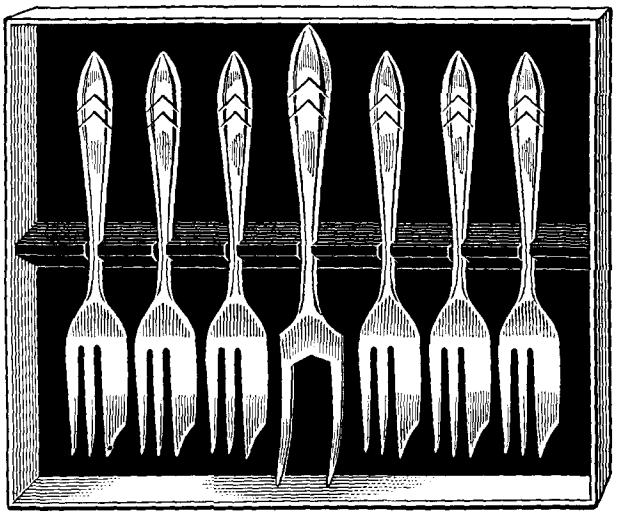
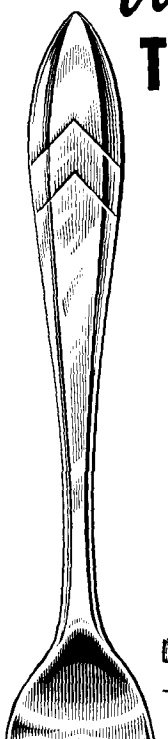
WITH OUR COMPLIMENTS...

Please accept this Gift from Sheffield, England





THIS EXQUISITE 7-PIECE PASTRY FORK SETTING

IF YOU JOIN THE AROUND-THE-WORLD SHOPPERS CLUB NOW

TO demonstrate the quality and uniqueness of the Around-the-World Shoppers Club selections sent to members every month from abroad, we want to send you this beautiful 7-piece nickel silver Pastry Set, with our compliments if you join the club now.

This set is the famous LOXLEY, one of the most honored products of Sheffield, England, and if obtainable here, would probably be priced at $5.00 retail. It is typical of the values and quality of the gifts our members receive every month for only $2.00, postpaid, duty free.

Imagine yourself shopping in the tiny villages and the big cities of Europe, Asia, Africa, South America, the Near East and the Far East. Imagine yourself examining the hundreds of unusual articles peculiar to each foreign land, many of them hand made, then selecting the very choicest in interest, usefulness, beauty and value, and having them sent to you for only $2.00 each!

Yes, you can now enjoy the thrill of receiving a surprise package every month from France, Italy, Spain, Holland, Sweden, England, India, Japan or some other distant shore—for only $2.00, delivered to your door. You pay no postage, no duty. The value is guaranteed to be more than satisfactory to you in every instance.

How, you ask, can this be done? The secret is in the new, unique service offered by the Around-the-World Shoppers Club—plus the magic of the American dollar.

Foreign nations are in urgent need of American dollars to support native industries. They are glad to offer tremendous merchandise values in exchange. Thus you get more for your money—and at the same time you are doing your bit to improve world conditions by lending a helping hand to our neighbors around the world.

CONVERSATION PIECES FROM ABROAD

Our representatives abroad are constantly searching for the best items and the biggest bargains available. They not only attend the great international fairs and exhibitions, but they travel the highways and byways of foreign lands to discover the unique, the unusual, the beautiful articles which are destined to become conversation pieces when worn, displayed or used in America.

A THRILLING SURPRISE EACH MONTH

With each package will come the fascinating story of the origin and significance of the article you receive—adding glamour to each shipment.

Think of the fun of receiving such exotic "surprise packages" month by month! It is like shopping around the world! That is the thrill of membership in the Around-the-World Shoppers Club. Each month you'll look forward to the arrival of your foreign shipment with eager anticipation. Each month you'll experience the crowning thrill of the treasure-hunter when you open it to see what delightful surprise it has brought.

YOU PAY NOTHING EXTRA FOR MEMBERSHIP

It costs nothing to join the Around-the-World Shoppers Club. There are no membership fees or dues. You pay only for the regular monthly selections of merchandise on any of the following plans.

3 MONTHS MEMBERSHIP
(3 consecutive shipments).....$6.00

6 MONTHS MEMBERSHIP
(6 consecutive shipments).....$11.00

12 MONTHS MEMBERSHIP
***(12 consecutive shipments).....*$20.00**

(Note: the U. S. Post Office Dept. charges a service fee of 15c for delivering foreign packages, which is collected by your postman and cannot be prepaid.)

YOU CAN CANCEL AT ANY TIME

You may cancel your membership at any time (please give 30 days' notice to allow for transmittal to our foreign office) and the unused portion of your payment will be refunded in full. Even better, if you are not delighted upon receiving your first regular monthly selection, you may keep it *free of charge* along with your LOXLEY Pastry Fork Setting gift and receive a full refund of the *total amount paid.*

EXTRA REWARD FOR JOINING NOW!

Why not start your membership right now, while you can have this 7-piece pastry setting as an EXTRA GIFT sent to you direct from Sheffield, and get the benefit of the really remarkable values now available? You won't want to miss a single shipment!

Use the coupon below or write, enclosing remittance for the membership term desired.

GIVE A MEMBERSHIP TO SOMEONE SPECIAL!

What could make a more interesting and out-of-the-ordinary gift than a membership in the Around-the-World Shoppers Club? Who would imagine that such lovely foreign products cost only $2.00 each in American dollars? Month after month they are delivered to the recipient from abroad to serve as continuing reminders of your thoughtfulness.

Around-the-World Shoppers Club, Dept. 586
24 Treat Place, Newark 2, N. J.

Please enroll me as a Member and send me my LOXLEY Pastry Fork Setting, direct from Sheffield, England, postpaid, duty free, as an EXTRA GIFT. Also start regular monthly shipments of the club's selection of foreign merchandise, to be shipped direct to me from countries of origin and to continue through the following term of membership:

☐ **3 Months Membership.....$ 6.00**
☐ **6 Months Membership.....$11.00**
☐ **12 Months Membership.....$20.00**

***I enclose* remittance for $.....**

Name.....
(Please Print)

Address.....

City & Zone.....**State**.....

☐ Do not personalize any *items, as I may wish* to use them as gifts.

☐ For those items which you *will personalize,* please use the following initials.....

References: Franklin-Washington Trust Co., Newark 2, N. J.

READ WHAT MEMBERS SAY ABOUT THE CLUB:

"I experienced all the delight I originally anticipated when the exquisite flacon from *Paris* was opened today. I have wrapped it up again as it was when I first picked it up so that my husband may have all the thrill I did from opening it — foreign postmarks and all! Thank you so much for this lovely idea. It has been well worth my money just for the pleasure I received today."
—M. L., *New Cumberland, Pa.*

"I think the idea of bringing the crafts of the world's artists and artisans to us who do not have the opportunity to seek them out for ourselves, is one offering great advantage to all concerned, and with, perhaps, unexpected and indirect results that will make for the accomplishment of decidedly better understanding and relationship between ourselves and our world neighbors."
—Mrs. T. J. McA., *Marblehead, Mass.*

"I want to take this opportunity to thank you most heartily for the two gifts which have come to me thus far, as a member of the Around-the-World Shoppers Club. I can assure you they were received with genuine delight, showing exquisite taste in their selection." —M. Q., *Philadelphia, Pa.*

(Note: All original letters are on file in our office)

Around-The-World Shoppers Club, Dept. 586, 24 Treat Place, Newark 2, N.J.

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